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"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A Biographical Sketch *of the* Life *of* Madame de Grafigny. *By* William Mudford.

A translation of the "Peruvian Letters" having been recently given to the public by Mr. Mudford, he has prefixed to the volume a memoir of the authoress, which contains some particulars not generally known. We have thought, therefore, that it might be interesting to our readers to extract the "Life," instead of giving an abstract of it in our critical department.

"THE French are far behind us in literary biography. Of none of their celebrated men have they preserved memorials adequate to the curiosity with which such information is usually sought. A cursory statement of dates and of leading events is often all that is told; and the mind that is eager to become familiarized with the *men*, whose *writings* it has admired, must pine with unsatisfied desire. But this neglect partakes, surely, of ingratitude; for, sedulously to preserve whatever has connection with those who have delighted us, is often the only tribute of affection or of admiration which is left us to offer at the tomb of genius. The neglect which is caused by dissipation, by envy, by hatred, or by competition, may obstruct the effusion of love and veneration during the existence of its object: but when death has removed him from the sphere of this world; when he can no longer alarm our jealousy by his excellence, humble our pride by his wit, or excite our malevolence by his rivalry, what cause should then exist to impede the exertion of posthumous kindness, by blending the genius of the writer with the virtues of the man, illustrating his works by his life, and collecting, with eager fondness, every memorial which can gratify honest and laudable curiosity?—We all wish to know by whom we are pleased, and I believe the pleasure is heightened by the knowledge. No author is so insulated from his works, but that there *is* a union between them and his personal circumstances, which, when known, communicates an added interest to the former in perusal. Who does not read with increased delight the forty-first *Idler* of Johnson, when he reflects that it was written under the pressure of a severe calamity, the death of a beloved mother? *Without* this knowledge, it might be perused with pleasure, and admired for its sentiments and philosophy: but *with it*, every sentence connects itself with reality, and moral wisdom, aided by truth and nature, reaches the heart with resistless energy and interest.

"Let this illustration explain my meaning, and vindicate the utility and delight of that minute and illustrative biography which unites the brief destiny of man with the less perishable monuments of his genius, and enables us to "live o'er each scene" he underwent while earning the immortality posterity has bestowed.

"These reflections upon the paucity of biographical details in French literature were not excited, but renewed, upon considering what scanty information is to be found of the authoress of the following work. In her lifetime she was courted, admired, and praised by rival wits: her company was sought by the gay, the learned, and the polite; her conversation was celebrated, and her writings raised her to renown: yet less is

told of her life than is, perhaps, to be found of the meanest poet in England. That little, however, I shall now detail.

" Frances Issembourg d'Happencourt de Grafigny was born at Nancy, in the year 1692. She was the only daughter of Francis Henry d'Issembourg, Earl of Happencourt, of Greux, and other places, and a Major in the service of the Duke of Lorraine. Her mother was Margaret de Seaureau, the daughter of Anthony de Seaureau, Baron of Houdemont and Vaudœuvre, and first steward of the household to the same Duke of Lorraine. The father of Madame de Grafigny was descended from the ancient and illustrious House of Issembourg in Germany, and he served in France in his youth. He was aide-de-camp to Marshal Boufflers at the siege of Namur. Lewis XIV, satisfied with his services, confirmed all his titles, and elevated him to the same titular rank in France as that which he held in Germany.

" His daughter was married, or rather sacrificed, to Francis Hugot de Grafigny, chamberlain to the Duke of Lorraine. Her biographers represent him as a man of unamiable character: his disposition was rude and violent: and his passions turbulent and ferocious, for they often endangered her life. The qualities of her mind he could not appreciate; and marriage, therefore, was to him, as to most men, unvisited by any of those gentle blandishments which can spring only from reciprocation of intellect; and as his feelings were arrogant and impetuous, they suffered no check from those simple dictates of courtesy and humanity which supply the place of tenderness of respect or love of excellence. After many years of patient suffering from this brutal tyrant, Madame de Grafigny was legally divorced, and he finished his days in a prison; to which just retribution the violence of his nature and his general bad conduct consigned him. She had several children by him, but they all died in infancy, and before their degenerate father.

" Freed from these galling chains, Madame de Grafigny went to Paris with *Mademoiselle de Guise*, the intended bride of the *Marshal de Richelieu*. It was thus that the evils of her domestic life prepared for her the celebrity of her public career: yet it may be doubted whether the echoes of renown were ever able to asswage or to compensate the pain planted in her breast by conjugal infelicity.—The voice of fame falls dull upon the heart where sorrow has taken up her abode: to be enjoyed, it must be received under the mild empire of inward peace and contentment.

" Madame de Grafigny knew not the reputation which awaited her in the French capital. Her merit was soon discovered. Several literary persons had formed themselves into a society of which she was invited to be a member; and she was compelled to furnish something for the *Recueil* of these literati, which was published in 1745,* in one volume duodecimo.

" The offering she presented was the most celebrated in the collection. It was called *Nouvelle Espagnole: le mauvois exemple produit autant de vertus que de vices.* The very title is a maxim, and the work is full of such. The style of this romance is florid, and sometimes extravagant; but it is not without merit. It did not, however, meet the approbation of her associates; and, indignant at some raillery that was directed against her, she produced, as a sort of triumphant vindication, the *Letters of a Peruvian Princess.*

" These Letters quickly rose into celebrity. They were admired for the delicacy and fervour of their sentiments, for the impassioned glow of their language, and for the interesting simplicity of the narrative. The conception is ingenious, and the execution is, generally, adequate. The tender elegance of female passion is, perhaps, best depicted by female genius. Love, dressed in its mild and modest guise, full of kind protestations, unsuspecting confidence, and blameless purity, should be delineated by woman, for in her breast only is the original to be found. It is woman who breathes the patient sigh in absence, who sheds the unnoticed tear, and who treasures in her heart the

* The French biographical dictionary says it was published in the year 1740.

fond image of her thoughts: it is woman who lights the torch of nature at the shrine of virtue: who dresses love in the veil woven by the graces, and ennobles those feelings by their object which, in their motive, shun the eye of chastity. The placid sentiments of passion, its gentle murmurs, and its soft complainings, are fitted for the female pen, when guided by the inspiration of genius; and a happier subject for the display of all the tender simplicity of love could not have been imagined than *Zilia*. Modest, meek, and timid; gifted with a happy ignorance of all beyond her own native plains; indissolubly attached to *Aza*; torn from him by a cruel fate; ignorant of his destiny; full of the tender recollection of his love; and in perpetual doubt, surprise, and dismay; she arrests powerfully the feelings of the reader. Madame de Grafigny has been eminently successful in imparting to her character appropriate and natural qualities: and what detracts most, and perhaps alone, from its excellence, is a repetition of sentiments that sometimes wearies, and a refinement of knowledge that is inconsistent. Metaphysical disquisitions upon the origin of language and the force of vocal utterance, were evidently beyond the sphere of her acquirements. *(See Letter XVII.)* These are blemishes which every reader must wish away.

" Shortly after the publication of the *Letters*, she produced a dramatic piece, in five acts, in prose, called *Cenie*. This is one of those pieces which the French denominate *Comedies Larmoyantes*, and it is reckoned to be the best piece of that kind, on the French theatre, after that of *Melanide*.

" She next wrote *La Fille d'Aristide*, another piece in five acts, which however was less successful than the former. Of this piece, as I have not read it, I cannot give any opinion: but after its failure, some indecorous wit slipped the following epigram under the plate of Madame de Grafigny at dinner one day:—

Bonne maman de la gente Cenie
A cinquante ans vous fites un poupon;
On applaudit, on le trouve fort bon;
On passe un miracle en la vie.
Mais d'un effort moins circonspect,
Sept ans après tenter même ayanture,
Et travailler encore dans le goût grec
(Pardon, maman, si le phrase est trop dure)
Je le dis, sauf votre respect,
C'est de tout point vouloir forcer nature.

" This play was not printed till after the death of Madame de Grafigny: it is said, indeed, she corrected the last proof of it the day on which she died. Its fate was less prosperous than that of *Cenie*, which obtained the following encomiastic lines:—

Je reviens de ta comedie,
Grafigny, les larmes aux yeux.
Que j'aime ta tendre amie,
Et ses sentimens genereux!
Dans son portrait que tu nous traces,
Que de charmes, que d'agrémens!
Que de vertus et que de graces!
Que d'esprit, que de sentimens!
Quelle delicatesse extrême!
Que d'heroisme en tes portraits!
Ah! qu'il faut en avoir soi-même,
Pour s'exprimer comme tu le fais!

" It is said that the ill success of *La Fille d'Aristide* contributed to augment the malady which terminated her existence. She died in the year 1758, in the 64th year of her age.

" Besides the two printed dramas, Madame de Grafigny left a small piece, in one act, called *Azor*, which was played at her own house, and which she was persuaded not to give to the theatre. She composed, besides, two or three pieces in one act, which were played at Vienna by the children of the Emperor. These were founded upon simple and moral subjects, suited to the capacities of the august youth that they were intended to instruct.

" Madame de Grafigny was an object of royal munificence. Their Majesties, the Emperor, and Empress Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, honoured her with their particular notice, and often conferred presents upon her,* as well as their Royal Highnesses Prince Charles and Princess Charlotte of Lorraine, with whom she carried on a literary correspondence. She bequeathed her library

* The Emperor Francis I. bestowed a considerable pension upon her.—*Année Littéraire* 1756, *tom. I. p.* 112.

to *M. Guymond de la Touche*, author of the modern tragedy of *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and of the *Epistle to Friendship*. But he enjoyed this bequest only a year, as he died himself in February 1760. Her papers she left to a literary gentleman, who had held the title of friend for thirty years, with liberty to dispose of them in any manner he might think fit.

"A posthumous attempt has been made to rob Madame de Grafigny of the fair renown she had acquired. The author of the *Colporteur* asserts that she did not write the *Peruvian Letters* or *Cenie*. The first, he says, she bought of an Abbé; and the second was given to her by another Abbé, more generous. The story is ridiculous and improbable, and must be ascribed to that malignant envy with which depraved minds seek to blast the laurels of others, even when their withered branches cannot deck their own brow."

The Letters of "Aza" are added to this volume as a supplement, and Mr. Mudford has obtained the following information relative to their author, which we believe to be the first time that it has been presented to the readers (either in French or English) of this interesting work.

"To the collected works of Madame de Grafigny, in French, 4 vols. 12mo. are subjoined, as a sequel, the *Letters of Aza*, but no mention is made whether they were written by Madame de Grafigny, or by another hand. The same uncertainty pervades the English translations* of this work which I have seen, and to the general reader, I shall, therefore, perhaps, convey an acceptable information, by stating that these Letters of *Aza*, were written by one *Ignatius Hungari de la Marche Courmont*, who was a chamberlain to the Margrave of Bareith, and a captain in the service of France in the volunteers of Wurmsur. He was born at Paris in the year 1728, and died in the Island of Bourbon in 1768, aged 40. He had travelled much in Italy, Germany, and Poland, and became intimate with, and esteemed by many persons of merit. He had some talents. The principal of his works are the *Letters of Aza;—a Political Essay on the Advantages which France may derive from the Conquest of Minorca;—the Impartial Scholar*, a journal, which was not continued; but literature is indebted to him for the first idea of the *Journal Etrangere*."

* The title-pages of two translations now before me (*stant nominis umbræ!*) imply that the sequel *is* by Madame de Grafigny.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT'S DISCIPLES.

Sir,

WHAT may be the precise nature of the inspiration laid claim to by the modern prophetess, JOANNA SOUTHCOTT, I do not think it worth my while to examine; but, from glancing at the writings of her disciples, it is not very difficult to discover that they are inspired, in some degree, at least, by the grand patron of pilferers, the God *Mercury*. In a provincial paper, published in Nov. 1807, I read a letter, addressed to the public, warmly recommending "the prophecies, printed in about forty books, given to *Joanna Southcott* by the spirit;" in which letter there is a beautiful paragraph, written in a style much superior to that of *Joanna*, or her votaries. The subject is the state of mankind, when the predictions of holy writ, respecting the universal spread of the gospel shall be accomplished; concerning which glorious period the writer descants as follows:—

"Illustrious æra! *Thine* it is to close the long series of preparations that Providence has been carrying on from the first of time! *Thine* to fulfil the wishes of the worthy and devout of every age and clime! Thine it is to recover man from degradation and dishonour: thine to consummate the mission, and to adorn with its brightest honours the crown of the Saviour of the world: thine to vindicate the government, glorify the perfections, and illustrate the all beauteous character of the GOD OF LOVE! Thy approach, glad period! will be hailed

by millions of intelligent beings, who, animated by thee with a celestial glow of devotion, will give expression to their raptures in the long suspended song of angels,—GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST — AND ON EARTH, PEACE —— GOOD-WILL TOWARDS MEN."

It was my intention, when I first read the letter I have quoted, signed GEORGE TURNER LEEDS, to have informed the public, by means of the same paper in which his letter was published, from whence the above paragraph was taken; but one thing or other prevented me. Reading, however, in your last number, a letter from another of *Joanna's* disciples, and who, to my surprise, is a member of the church of England, the Rev. "Thomas Philip Foley, rector of Oldswinford, Worcestershire," in which letter is the same paragraph, *verbatim et literatim;* and as, in both cases, there not being any acknowledgment made, nor even an inverted comma inserted, the reader is naturally led to think the paragraph is the writer's own performance, I beg leave to inform the public, that it is copied from an excellent discourse, entitled "Divine Judgments on Guilty Nations; their causes and effects considered: preached on a Fast Day, by Robert Aspland," then pastor of a congregation of protestant dissenters at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and who is since well known and equally respected as the pastor of the congregation at the Gravel Pits, Hackney. The paragraph above quoted concludes the sermon. (See 2d ed. p. 31, 32).

I will only detain your readers whilst I remark, that if *Joanna Southcott*, instead of being so fully engaged in diving into futurity, would occasionally look over the effusions of her deluded followers, she might perhaps prevent some of them from being such notorious plagiarists, and might be quite as well employed as she has been for some time past.

I remain, &c.

Harlow, June 5. B. F.

On the MISMANAGEMENT *of the* AFFAIRS *of the* POOR.

WHEN a nation is so far advanced in the science of taxation, as not to be able to discover an additional article on which a new burden can be laid, it is then time to consider in how many instances large sums are wantonly squandered, and whether millions may not be yearly saved by confining our expenditure to those demands which imperious necessity calls for.

While our late heaven-born minister guided the helm of the state, he was led on by a mistaken notion to conclude, that such were the inexhaustible sources of our wealth, that the most unbounded corruption can never drain them dry. This was the reason he never counted money by less than millions in his unprecedented profusion; but in levying of taxes he did not let any thing escape him.

Before he quitted his station he had taxed almost every article used for food or physic—the liquor we drink and the garments we wear. The windows which admit the light, and the cottage which defends us from the frost are not only taxed as property, but again if insured from fire, or sold by auction; and the stamps bear hard, very hard, where the sum is but a trifle. Every shilling we possess while alive, and which we leave when we die, is subject to a heavy taxation; and when it is disposed of by executors to the friends or the relatives of the deceased, it has another dressing. If an annuity of a few pounds be left to a honest and industrious servant, for long and faithful services, he must pay more than one-half of the intended benefit for the four first years. When all this is seriously considered, every reflecting person must think that we ought to endeavour to save money by hundreds, to prevent so many millions being wanted year after year.

In order to make the progress of taxation clear, as far as it relates to the poor, I have stated, in the following table, the sums raised in several of the cities and counties in England, and how much they have advanced since the year 1776.

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A Table, shewing how much money was raised for the maintenance of the poor in several of the cities and county towns in England in the year 1776; how much the rates advanced in nine years, with the mediums of three years ending 1785; how much the rates advanced in eighteen years more; the sums raised in 1803, and the total advance to that period; with the population, the number of poor in each place, and the proportion they bear to the inhabitants.

The Names of the Towns and Cities mentioned in the different Counties.	The money, in whole numbers, raised for the poor, 1776.	How much the rates advanced in nine years to A.D. 1785.	The mediums of the rates for three years, ending A.D. 1785.	How much the rates advanced in eighteen years, to A.D. 1803.	The money raised A.D. 1803, for use of the poor.	Total advance of the rates since the year 1776.	Population of each of the Cities, Towns, and Boroughs.	The number of Poor relieved permanently.	The proportion of the Poor to the Population.
	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.			
Bedford, Town	1254	178	1432	957	2389	1135	3948	181	21
Berks, Reading, Borough	2288	282	2570	1739	4309	2021	5545	624	8—8
Buckingham, Town	1189		1057	1117	2134	1117	2605	963	2—9
Cambridge, Town	1997	791	2793	2787	5580	3578	10000	704	14—2
Chester, City	1174	844	2018	743	2761	1587	15000	443	33—8
Cornwall, Launceston	203	34	237	438	675	472	1483	122	11
Cumberland, Carlisle	317	720	1037	1539	2576	2259	10221	491	20—8
Derby, Borough	1637	215	1852	2914	4766	3129	10092	735	14—8
Devon, Exeter	3200		3200	2537	5737	2537	10827	2308	4—6
Dorset, Shaftesbury	890	227	1117	881	1998	1108	2159	195	11
Essex, Colchester and Liberties	3725	1246	4971	3004	7375	4250	11520	1291	9—2
Gloucester, City	1039	86	1125	1364	2489	1450	7579	695	10—8
Hertford, Town	847		805	1764	2569	1764	8927	319	27
Hereford, City	707	636	1343	2354	3697	2990	6828	875	8
Huntington, Town	456	349	805	665	1470	3014	2035	162	20—7
Kent, Canterbury	3206		2950	4472	7422	4472	9000	383	23
Durham, Sunderland	1175	123	1298	3219	4517	3342	12412	771	16—2
Lancaster, Liverpool	3333	2797	6130	31065	37195	33862	77653	3616	21—7
Lincoln, City and Liberties	1087	224	1311	1785	3096	2009	7398	169	23—6
London, Within Walls	33276	1221	34497	1244	59741	6465	75377	5769	13

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——— Without Walls	19918	1272	21178	12740	33918	14012	54155	3393	16—2
Westminster	47906	4453	52359	44847	97206	49300	153272	48403	3—1
Norfolk, Norwich	12203	1728	13931	6028	19959	7756	36832	4213	8—7
Northampton, Peterborough	1642		906	1458	2364	1458	3149	319	10—8
Northumberland, Newcastle, Borough	1737	1827	3564	5071	8635	6898	28336	4650	11
Nottingham, Town	2159	1180	3339	9298	12617	10478	28861	2010	11—8
Oxford, City	2237	70	2307	2367	4674	2437	11694	359	32—7
Somerset, Taunton	1836		1787	909	2696	909	5794	472	12—3
Southampton	1600	568	2168	2799	4967	3367	7913	313	25—3
Stafford, Litchfield	790	86	876	2251	2337	2437	4512	259	17—4
Suffolk, Bury St. Edmund's	2189	785	2974	632	3606	1417	7655	1076	7—1
Surrey, Guildford	1039	48	1087	568	1655	1016	2634	1131	2—2
Sussex, Chichester	1147	145	1392	2431	3823	2576	21608	293	73—6
Warwick, Town	1776	436	2212	2194	4406	2630	5775	542	10—6
Wilts, Marlborough	554		629	441	1076	447	2367	269	8—8
Worcester, City	2319		2069	2572	4641	2572	11352	600	8—8
York, City	1908	895	2803	3638	6441	4738	16145	844	19—2
	140556	17735	157519	134344	315049	155669	1162782	78691	
	24704	5930	30010	32491	62464	41225	130181	10762	
	165260	23665	187529	166838	377513	196894	1292963	89453	

The sums which they then collectively raised amounted to 165,260 pounds. It may be seen in the next column, that in nine years the poor's rates had advanced 23,665 pounds. The mediums of the rates for three years, ending A.D. 1785, amounted to 187,529 pounds; and in 1803 to 377,513 pounds, which is more than double in eighteen years.—In several of the cities and towns mentioned in the table, the rates have been much more than doubled in the same period.

In the first nine years, from 1776 to 1785, there was no advance in the rates, either at Buckingham town, or Exeter, or Hertford, or Canterbury, or Peterborough, or Taunton, or Marlborough, or Worcester; but they advanced nearly double in the second period, from the year 1785 to A.D. 1803; and the total advance of all the cities and towns, mentioned in the table, amounted to 196,894 pounds, a sum sufficiently large to merit the attention of every well-wisher to the prosperity of his country.

Buckingham town, with a population of 2603 persons, had 963 paupers, by which it appears that they relieved nearly 1 in 3 of their

inhabitants. At Carlisle, in Cumberland, their rate for the relief of the poor amounted, in the year 1776, to only 317 pounds; but their three years medium, ending A.D. 1785, amounted to 1037 pounds, and the total advancement of their rate in 1803 was 2259 pounds. With a population of 10,221 persons, they had 491 paupers, and they relieved about 1 in 21 of their inhabitants.

Who could suppose that the opulent city of Westminster relieved 1 in 3 of their whole population, and the cities and towns in England mentioned in the table average about 1 in 14—4?

Does this shew the flourishing state of a kingdom? and what would it do if we could advance one step further, and deduct those who are insolvent? How does it happen that the borough of Colchester should have double the number of poor there are in the city of Worcester, and nearly four times the number of the city of Oxford, with nearly the same population? and for what reason can the city of Oxford raise 4674 pounds yearly to maintain 359 paupers, when the city of Worcester raises no more than 4641 pounds to maintain 600 poor persons?

It is certainly worth while to inquire from what cause such disproportions, in the expenses for maintaining the poor can arise. It cannot be for the want of parochial schools, nor can the teaching every child in the kingdom to read reach the evil: and if the governors of the poor at Colchester and at Worcester would publish in your Magazine their method of proceeding in regulating their parochial affairs, it might be the means of making some further discovery.

The experience of more than two centuries hath taught us, that the referring all parochial business to be settled by magistrates at their meetings or quarter sessions, as matters are too often hurried over, can never remedy the evils. We must expect, in a few years, to see the assessments for the relief of the poor not only doubled but tripled, as every idle and drunken person knows that he can claim a maintenance by law; and there is but little distinction made between him and a person worn down by hard labour, when such apply for relief. Mr. Whitbread may think that his scheme for educating the children of the poor will counteract the abuses and mismanagement of parish officers, but he will certainly be deceived; for neither reading, writing, nor a knowledge of the law, is found sufficient to keep men in public stations in the straight path of duty.

ADAMAH, *or the* CREATION *of* WOMAN. *Inserted as an Episode in an unfinished oriental Work. Translated from the German of* SIEGFRIED.

[*Concluded from p.* 391.]

BUT, as the last rays of day trembled on the mountain's top, as the forms of the distance vanished, a solemn shivering seized the first born. In the gloom of the woods he thought he spied strange flitting forms; the waters of the river Pison murmured amongst the reeds, and, like the train of light of soaring angels, so shone on the surface of the stream the departing beam of day. A sudden sound arose. Adamah trembled. The mountains bent, and the depths rejoiced, for the glory of the Lord passed on the wings of the tempest.—Peace returned; and adoration from all creation rose. In the depths of the darkness a fleeting splendour oft burst forth, and hovered o'er Adamah; melodious sounds trembled on the breeze; from heavenly harps the sounds arose, and struck with joy the mortal's ear.

But Magalon exalted himself on the clouds of the evening, and round him shone an host of angels; they flew aloft with the beams of the setting sun, and tarried on the twilight. They adorned themselves with the colours of heaven, and dipped their crowns in the evening gold. Magalon stood amongst them in all his beauty, of all created beings the most beautiful. His countenance, milder than the spring of the divine Eden, the motion of his sunny wings, the music of the spheres. And he began, and the voices of the angels joined in the song. Thus the chorus sang:—

Arise! daughter of eternity, arise! O sacred night! Hail! Hail! Hail! Praised be thou before all thy darkened sisters; praised before all thy glorious brethren, the days. Behold! the Eternal selected thee from the beginning. The glory of the Lord hovers on the earth: the breath of the Creator speaks in thee.—Arise, ye guardians of the night; ye sacred stars arise, to behold the works of his hands.

But in the east, on the approaching night, stood Azrael, the angel of death, and sleep. Around was ranged an host of angels on dewy clouds. And thus they answered the chorus in the west:—

She comes; from eternity is she born! She rises in solemn silence; in her the dark majesty of Al Elah! Behold! he has taken compassion of life on earth! The flame and the breath of life shall never be extinguished. He will call generations from generations, and creation will be new born in the creatures. Rejoice ye beasts of the field. Lift thy head, O cedar; let the corn of the field rejoice: to you is given resurrection from the ashes of death. With the returning sun, the creation and the forms of Eden return. Her name is Spring.

The finger of the Almighty, the Creator's, *Let it be*, shall pass from generation to generation.

Thus the chorus in the west answered:—Why dost thou weep, sister Soul? Weep no more. The goodness of the Almighty has seen the tears of Paradise; they are numbered, and they shall not flow again. Weep no more.

Adamah heard the heavenly chorus. At that moment a heavy sleep fell on his eyes. Azrael, the angel of death, of night, and of sleep, approached him. He opened his breast, extracted some blood from his heart, and tendered the precious drops to Megalon. With a gentle touch he unloosed the bonds, which bind the aspiring spirit to the groveling dust: he broke them not as in the hours of death. Now, as a mother takes her infant in her arms, so the angel took the unconscious soul; and behold, the cherub, the winds of midnight, his wings, raised himself aloft. His rapid flight streamed through the firmament, and at a distance gleamed the pale star of the earth. With his eternal fires Orion flamed. The galaxy, with its myriad of worlds, burst on the sight of Adamah, and now he saw at a distance the boundaries of the divine Eden.

And behold, sudden as the lightnings flash, the gates of Paradise flew open: a train of light spread itself wide, streaming o'er the space of night.

With awe and reverence the soul of Adamah was filled. Shaded by the wings of the angel, it rested on the plains of Hewila.

As tranquillity rests on the eyelids of sleeping children, so inexpressible peace and the calmness of the eternal life rested on the plains of the heavenly Eden. Spring, clothed in the colours of original light, hovered over the vallies. Flowers of ethereal hues, dipped in the tints of the evening clouds, and the trees of life glittering with the colours of the rainbow, reared their heads in splendid pride. In the interior a solemn light trembled over all. The soul of Adamah, seized with astonishment, raised itself to revel in the bliss of Paradise. Magalon appeared on the dewy plain; his garment brilliant as the sapphire's hue, formed of the snow which lies at the throne of the Almighty.* The angel entered the sanctuary where the secrets of the Creator rest, and the angel of death followed at a distance, bearing the soul overwhelmed with awe. But in the depths of night three springs of everlasting purity burst forth, bright as the beams of the growing light in the eastern heaven. The first is Achiar, the source of love, and springs nearest to the throne of the Eternal. As the springs of Maphtha on Abscheran, so it flows, filling the air with perfume, and spreading life wheresover it flows. Its taste is sweeter than the honeycomb.—The second is Majim, the source of poesy. The spirit of God rests on its waters; whosoever drinks of it, his eyes behold the things of Heaven: his ear comprehends the language of all creatures; and all the

* See Eisenmengers Judenthum. P. II.

voices of Heaven and earth, and a double edged sword is given to him in his mouth.—The name of the third is Issa Nargil, the source of hope. It is pure as christal, and nourishing as milk from the breasts of the mother. The flowers of Paradise bloom around it, with golden caps, like the crocos of spring, in which the angels collect the numbered tears of earthly sufferings.

Amidst these springs the souls of men are formed, called by the word of the Eternal from their original nothing. The seraph Magalon had entered into the sanctuary of God, and stood amongst the springs. He bent in adoration, and a silence like that of annihilation brooded over the scene. The harmonious murmurs of the springs were stopped, and the winds of Heaven stayed their courses. On a sudden the springs burst forth. The chorus of the seraphims resounded through Heaven: from host to host the rapturous concords sounded; on distant worlds the blessed spirits sang the song of joy; and hosts of cherubims sang Hallelujahs to the Almighty one.

To soft and dulcet sounds the heavenly anthems sunk: for, behold, the Eternal had created, had finished the work of his hands. And now the soul of Hewa, the first woman, rose from the night, by the murmuring of Achiar. It hovered round the springs of love and hope; angels hastened, and carried the daughter of the divine breath to the plains of Hewila. And Azrael, the angel of death, bearing the soul of Adamah, followed with rapid flight.

Now Magalon, the beauteous seraph, became the angel of love and of spring. He returned to the courses of the suns, and called forth the autumnal moon, opening the womb of the earth: the winds and the roving papilios obeyed his orders, to carry from flower to flower the fructifying dust. Amidst the chorus of the cherubims, Hewa, the most lovely of created forms, rose from the dust in her virgin beauty. In her sparkling eye beamed her heavenly soul, and in her countenance a morning of spring.

On the far spreading boundary of Heaven stood the host of angels, thousands and thousands. From morning to evening the sounds of joy arose. Thus from midnight sang the chorus:—

Welcome! thee, the Heavens salute; thee, who rises in thy glory, emerging from the lap of the Almighty: Favourite of God! Daughter of Love! Earthly Seraph!—As the countenance of Heaven hovers on the surface of the ocean, so we behold thee, the beam, and the glory of the divine Paradise. Blessed be thou at thy rising: the Father of creation blesses thee. The host of angels praise thee happy. How she rises in her majesty from the dust of the earth! How she elevates amongst the stars her glorious head! Arise, ye slumberers of the night: bow before her, ye creatures of heaven and earth. Bend thy branches, O cedar! When she walks forth in her beauty, ye stars, revere the glory of the earthly creation—the gem of eternal life.

From midday the chorus answered:

A path is opened in the wilderness. The blessings and joys of immortality descend with Hewa from the dwelling of the blessed. Her kiss is a presage of the bliss of Heaven, a foretaste of eternal life. Beauty surrounds her as a girdle grace, and dignity adorn her forehead. Innocence dwells on her blushing cheek. Her bosom, soft as the airs of spring, glows with compassion; and the tear of bliss trembles in her eye. Light are the wings of her soul. The immortal spirit shines through the earthly covering, as the colours of a beam of light in the drops of the sunny shower.

Her heart is wove of the ethereal strings of heavenly harps, in which repose the tones of rapture and the tones of woe. Moved by the soul, with ease it trembles, with tones of rapture, or with tones of woe, or joins in one accord to blissful melancholy.

Her lip is tranquil as the lake on the summer's eve. She is the giver and the receiver of bliss.

From morning the chorus answered:—

Why, O Almighty, didst thou call creation unto life? Why didst thou fix the course of generations? Be-

hold, love animates the infinite spirit: the mother rejoices over her suckling; and in the fathers and the children humanity binds the bonds of sacred concord.

As the chorus ended, the spirit of Heaven arose, and conveyed Hewa to the spot where Adamah slept.

Then from the evening the chorus sung:—

What sounds of sorrow burst from the depths of the future? How loud are the complaints of misery? Let them be heard no more. The flame of sorrow will be quenched by the tears of compassion, the weapons of despair will be broken, and the pilgrims of the earth be joined in love and concord. She comes! she comes! the ambassadress of Heaven. But does love weep on the grave? She weeps and mourns; but bright as the starry train glitters her faith in the darkness of death.

And as the cherubs ended, Azrael returned the soul of Adamah to the sleeping body. Adamah rose from the bliss of his dreams; and Hewa stood before him in her seraphic beauty. As the departed soul feels after the conquest over death, so wrapt in adoration Adamah viewed the heavenly form. But timid as the hind of Hermon, Hewa averted her face: her cheeks glowed: she stood confessed a mortal, in an angel's frame. A glance of her eye shot to the heart of Adamah. With eager arms he pressed her to him: he felt the heaven of his joys; the breath of an eternal spirit in the ardour of her kisses. The sources of his breast were opened; and the first tear fell from the cheek of man.

But in one chorus joined the thousands and the thousands, and all the voices of the earth rose to the Father of Love. From the east and the west, the north and the south, burst the loud Jubilee. The heavenly host soared to the everlasting dwelling, and closed the gates of Paradise. Azrael alone, the angel of death, hovered over the plains of Hewila.—As the moon wanders over the murky night, so he bent, faint shining from the dusky clouds. Over the first created he poured the invisible drops from Issa Nargil, the source of hope; and then he withdrew with the departing night, descending in the west on the circle of heaven.

R. H.

MR. SIM TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

HAVING laid before your numerous readers the correspondence between Mr. Boswell and Mr. Mickle, relative to Mr. Garrick, I have only to notice the censure of your correspondent, Senex, for my not mentioning, in the Life of Mickle, "the very elegant present of the frontispiece to the second edition of the Lusiad, designed and engraved by Mr. Mortimer, (though recorded by Mr. Ireland) for which Mr. Mickle honoured his memory by an epitaph, which does equal credit to the poet and the painter." Now the truth is, Mr. Mickle told me that Mr. Mortimer charged him ten guineas for that frontispiece. Something in the following letter appears to contradict that assertion. It is, however, much to be lamented, that Mr. Mortimer did not fulfil his promise of painting the apparition at the Cape of Tempests, as no one was more capable of doing justice to that very sublime fiction of Camoens.

As to the northern duke, for whom Senex appears to have no very great predilection, I shall dismiss him in the words of Camoens:

The *peer* or *patron* to the Muse unjust,
Sinks like the nameless slave extinct in dust.

Your obliged humble servant,

June 10, 1809. J. SIM.

"DEAR SIR,

"I OMITTED writing some days, in expectation of seeing Mr. Mortimer; but as he has this evening sent me word he shall not be in town till next week, I can no longer omit thanking you for your letter, and the very great honour you have done my picture by your poem,* which Mr. Reid highly approves, except the names of the hero and heroine, who, he thinks,

* "The Sorceress." See Mickle's Poems, p. 113, &c.

would be improved by a new christening. That done, with a few little touches, which you will of course give it, will highly merit the public eye, and most certainly succeed.—Desires to know if your view is to have it printed in London or Oxford. Evans thinks it would do very well at 1s. 6d. without a vignette, and make that addition to the second impression, if it is approved. In that respect I differ from him, as I think to answer the purpose you mention, it should come out with as much *eclat* as may be. I sent a copy to Mr. Mortimer, but have not heard from him since he received it, excepting the verbal message I mentioned above. As to the frontispiece to the Lusiad, if you will point out the subject, I will answer for his most willingly making the design on any terms whatever. For the painting of the apparition, I fear he will hardly have time to give it the necessary reflection, and execute it at present. Will mention it to him soon as he comes to town. In the interim will you favour me with a line, relative to your intentions about the poem; any instructions you give I will carefully follow. By the way, do not you think the Incantation a better title than the Sorceress, as it relates only one of the hag's performances?

"Mrs. Ireland begs to add her most friendly compliments; shall be very happy to see you when you come to London, as will your obliged friend and

"Most obedient servant,

"J. IRELAND."

"*London*, 11*th March*, 1777."

On the PREJUDICES *of* LITERARY MEN *for* CERTAIN AUTHORS.

[Concluded from p. 401.]

ALTHOUGH Averroes committed himself in the most bombastic panegyric on his favourite author, yet his prejudice in favour of Aristotle did not rise higher than the prejudice of the illustrious founder of the Professorship of Geometry in the University of Oxford for his favourite Euclid. He begins his works on the eight first propositions of Euclid in these words:—"Consilium meum, auditores, si vires et valetudo suffecerint, explicare definitiones, petitiones, communes sententias, et octo priores propositiones primi libri elementorum, cetera post me venientibus relinqueres." And he finishes in these words:—"Exolvi per Dei gratiam, Domini auditores, promissum, liberavi fidem meam, explicavi pro modulo meo definitiones, petitiones, communes sententias, et octo priores propositiones elementorum Euclidis. Hic annis fessus cyclos artemque repono. Succedent in hoc munus alii fortasse magis vegeto corpore, vivido ingenio," &c. It would not be a difficult task for the most secondary capacity to learn, with a very trifling knowledge of geometry, the definitions, questions, axioms, and the eight first propositions of Euclid; and behold a man, of the most transcendant genius, speaking of the undertaking, not only as very great, but very difficult. He is afraid that his strength and health will fail,—si vires et valetudo suffecerint. He leaves to his successors the prosecution of the work,—cætera post me venientibus relinquere. He thanks God, that, by a particular grace, he has executed what he promised,—exolvi per Dei gratiam promissum, liberavi fidem meam. Explicavi pro modulo meo. What! the quadrature of the circle? The duplication of the cube? This great man has explained pro modulo suo—the definitions, the questions, the axioms, and the eight first propositions of the first book of the Elements of Euclid; but for himself, it is time that he reposed,—hic annis fessus cyclos artemque reponit.

Euclid did not think himself so obscure; nor that, in composing his Elements, he had said such extraordinary things as to make it necessary to compose a book of near 300 pages to explain his definitions, his axioms, his questions, and his first eight propositions.

Thus, false erudition instils into our minds the most extravagant designs. This illustrious philosopher had perhaps perused the antient geometricians; he was acquainted, historically, with their propositions, as well as with their genealogies. He entertained for antiquity all the re-

spect which ought to be entertained for truth; and what did this disposition of mind produce? A commentary on the definitions, axioms, and the eight first propositions of Euclid, ten times more difficult to understand and remember than all that Euclid ever wrote on geometry. But, if this philosopher had made as much use of his reason as he did of his memory, on a subject in which reason alone ought to be consulted, or if he had entertained as great a respect and love for truth as he entertained veneration for his author, there is a great probability that, having spent so much time on so trivial a subject, he would have allowed that the definitions which Euclid gives of the right angle and of parallel lines are defective; and that they do not sufficiently explain the nature of them; and that the second proposition is trifling, as it can only be solved by the third.

But the design of the major part of the commentators is not to explain their originals, and to investigate the truth or error of their opinions, but it is to make a display of the profundity of their own erudition, and with a blind zeal to defend even the errors of the authors. They do not write with a view either to make themselves understood, or to render their favourite authors intelligible, but to bestow on them their profuse admiration; supposing that the admiration of others will consequently fall upon themselves. If the philosopher, of whom we have been speaking, had not filled his book with Greek passages, and with the names of many obscure and almost forgotten authors, and with a number of subjects wholly irrevelant to the definitions and questions of geometry, who would have read or admired his book? or who would have attributed to its author the name of a man of genius or a philosopher?

I think it will be granted, after what has been advanced, that the indiscreet perusal of certain authors often prejudices the mind, or that, as soon as the mind becomes prejudiced, it, in a certain degree, takes leave of common sense. It can no longer judge distinctly of those things which have any relation to the subject in favour of which it is prejudiced; all its thoughts are infected with it: it cannot even apply itself to things which have no relation to the subject. Thus, a person prejudiced in favour of Aristotle, can find no beauties in any works but those of Aristotle; he judges of every thing by the rules of Aristotle; whatever is contrary to the opinions of that philosopher, appears to him false; he is quoting him on all occasions and on every subject, whether it be to prove the most obscure and abstruse points, or the most simple and self-evident truths, and of which children even do not doubt; Aristotle is to him what reason and evidence are to others.

In the same manner, if a person be prejudiced in favour of Euclid, and geometry, he can speak of nothing but squares, cubes, circles, angles, parallels, lines, and tangents. Every thing he says bears some relation to his favourite science:—truth, he would say, always moves in a right line, and virtue and vice will as soon meet as two parallel lines; and if Euclid had said that the whole will not be greater than its part, he would not be ashamed to quote it, and even attempt to prove it. But this is a more ordinary case with those who offer us their comments on the moral writers, than with those who comment on geometrical works; and in their voluminous disquisitions we meet with Greek, Hebrew, Arabian, and Persian quotations, in demonstration of certain points which are as evident as that light and heat are inseparable.

I do not speak here of the corrupted choice of books to which the majority of studious persons apply themselves; that point more properly depends on the moral sense, although it has some relation to the present subject; for when a person immerses himself in the perusal of the Rabbis, and of books in the different obscure languages, which, as they are the most incorrect, are consequently the most useless, it is caused without doubt by his rooted prejudices; and because he conceives himself (though unjustly) a most profound scholar, when at the same time, in fundamental knowledge, he is as ignorant as a school-boy. This could be proved

by two living examples; and at some future period I may, perhaps, impose upon myself the task of exposing them.

I remain, &c.

R. H.

ACCOUNT *of a* REPUBLIC *of* REVOLTED SLAVES, *which existed for about Sixty Years in* BRAZIL; *taken from the "America Portugueza, livro ottavo."*

IN the confusion incident upon the attack and conquest of the fertile province of Pernambucco by the Dutch, in 1630, a number of slaves, either emancipated by the death of their masters in the warfare then raging, or availing of the general disorder that prevailed, determined upon seeking in the forests and mountains of the interior of Brazil an asylum for that freedom which they had resolved to cherish. Encouraged, no doubt, also by the successful establishment and depredations of the Paulists, who, about that time, under the denomination of Mamelukes, had become famous throughout Paraguay and Brazil, they hoped to found a similar community, and to emulate the valour, the plunder, and the renown of that celebrated republic of banditti. The number of these self-emancipated slaves was, in the first instance, about forty, chiefly belonging to the city of Olinda, who, provided with a few fire-arms and other weapons, retired into the woods in a western direction from PortoCalvo, situated in about 9 degrees of south latitude. They were soon joined by other negroes, by a considerable number of mulattoes, and by a few creole renegadoes and Brazilians. A town was rapidly built, to which the name of Palmares was given, from the abundance of cocoa-nut palms on the spot, the natural plantations of which were enlarged and improved by the new settlers, part of whom inhabited the town, whilst the rest were dispersed over the most fertile spots in the vicinity, where they began to practise the peaceful arts of agriculture.

In this infancy of their society they had very few females; and not only did natural desires prompt them to seek the gratification of the sexual appetite, but the policy also of preserving the continuation of that independence they now tasted the sweets of, induced their determination to supply their wants in this respect by violence from the settlements of their former masters. The recesses they inhabited skirted the rich and best cultivated districts of Pernambucco; and a successful and extensive enterprise was undertaken not only into that of Alagoas, the nearest adjacent district, but over a much wider extent of country. The rape of every female of colour suited to their purposes was general, and the ravishment of every white woman, whose age or infancy did not preclude desire, was equally so. It seems probable that considerable bloodshed must have taken place in this excursion, yet it is remarkable that in the account whence these particulars have been taken, it is only by implication that even any resistance on the part of the planters can be inferred; who were no doubt unprepared and overwhelmed by the sudden and unexpected attack. The assailants returned to Palmares in triumph, carrying with them the future mothers of their rising republic, together with the most valuable and portable effects that fell in their way during this irruption.

Thus early initiated into the attractions of a predatory life, they soon gave way to the lust of rapine, and in succeeding and repeated similar expeditions (similar as far as plunder was their object, for we are not told of any further rapes) they became formidable and apparently irresistible to their Portuguese neighbours. These soon preferred to submit to a species of tribute, and, in return for the forbearance from outrage upon their individual possessions, privately furnished their enemies with fire-arms, ammunition, and other European articles of necessity; nay, whenever a plundering party returned with the spoils in gold or silver of the more distant colonists, these ready tributaries of the banditti would sell them an increased supply of the commodities they wanted for the precious

metals which could be of no use to them.

The lapse of a few years beheld a nation rising from this almost Roman commencement; and they adopted a national denomination from the name of their town, calling themselves Palmarese. Lawless and unrestrained as their fierce equality was, they soon experienced the unabating confusion which cannot but prevail in every community or gregarious association without laws or without a head.—They began the edifice of their political constitution by the election of a chief, whom they styled Zombi the powerful, a title probably given in consequence of the personal strength and prowess of their first prince. This dignity was to last for the life of the chosen ruler, and the succeeding Zombi of this rustic republic was to be elected by the general voice from amongst the bravest and the most experienced members of the state. Inferior magistrates were next appointed, and various laws and regulations instituted. All who were capable of bearing arms were constituted permanent soldiers of a commonwealth whose patrimony was plunder and whose essence was military strength. Nor was an established religion omitted; Christianity was declared to be the creed of the Palmarese; but, says the Portuguese author, most sacrilegiously defaced, being deprived of the sacrament of ordination, and of the holy vestments and venerated ceremonies of the apostolic church, to the eternal damnation of their miserable souls.

All this was, however, the work of time; and, during this progress of political improvement, the population rapidly increased, and the cultivation of the country they inhabited proceeded in proportion. Various villages were formed, but, apprehending the attack of the Portuguese, they chose an elevated situation for each assemblage of habitations, and surrounded them with rude and rustic fortifications. The scite of Palmares, the capital, had been chosen with a view to security, and included within the area of its outer walls, now three miles in circumference, a lofty mount commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country, and one side of which was a perpendicular precipice. The walls consisted of a double row of immense logs, hewn out of the largest trees to be found in the primeval woods that surrounded them, these were squared and piled upon each other to a considerable height, and firmly bound together by uprights and girders. Three entrances were left with booms of massy timber for gates, and a platform over each sufficiently capacious to receive 200 men, and that number of chosen soldiers, with an experienced leader, formed the constant guard at each gateway. The dwellings within this formidable entrenchment were irregularly dispersed, and a large share of the ground in the interior was cultivated. A small lake, abounding with fish, with a rivulet running through it, was included in the inclosure, and supplied the inhabitants with water. The palace of the Zombi was very large and rudely magnificent according to their ideas, whilst the houses of other individuals approached it in extent and decoration. The entire population amounted to upwards of twenty thousand *. The prosperity of the nation rose with their numbers; both formidable in appearance and powerful in fact, their extended depredations, and, when provoked, their destructive vengeance, diffused equal alarm with those of the Paulists or Mamelukes of St. Vincent's, the prototypes of their society. In the course of time, apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the European colonies on the coast, and after continuing for sixty years unmolested in their retreats, and unresisted in their encroachments, after seeing the third generation of warrior banditti arise amongst them, they became so seriously the object of alarm to the now re-established and reinvigorated viceregal

* It is dubious whether the population of Palmares alone is here meant, or the aggregate number of the Palmarese. The latter seems the most probable, as so considerable a population, although the walls were three miles in circumference, could not, a large share of the interior ground being cultivated, be contained within the town.

government of Brazil, that, in 1696, decisive measures were resorted to for their subjugation.

Don Cayetano Mello, the governor of Pernambucco, concerted a plan for this purpose with Don Juan de Lancastro, the captain general of Bahia; the former assembled three thousand regulars, and the latter sent one thousand more. These troops rendezvoused at an appointed place, and, together with a body of Indians and some volunteers, formed a well-appointed army of six thousand men, provided with every necessary for military operations, excepting artillery, which it was not supposed could be required in the irregular warfare in which they were about to engage; for the existence of so large and so strong a fortification as that which surrounded the town of Palmares was unknown to the Portuguese, who looked upon the enemies they were going to encounter as a wandering tribe of savage insurgents, instead of, as they found them, a regularly constituted community, with a capital city and dependent towns.

The Palmarese were early apprised of the intended attack; they rallied round their chief, who collected all his resources at Palmares, called in the inhabitants of the villages, and caused the country around to be desolated, the paths and defiles to be torn up, and every obstacle placed in the way of the invading army which the nature of the country admitted. After a fatiguing march, the Portuguese at length arrived before the walls of the chief town, and beheld with astonishment, not unmixed with dismay, the massy firmness of the formidable entrenchment which surrounded it, the martial appearance of the soldiers who garrisoned it, and the vigorous preparations every where made for determined resistance. Before the Portuguese had recovered from their surprise at finding a city where they expected a den, and bulwarks where they looked for open huts, the Zombi made a vigourous and rapid sally with a large body of his men, engaging the Portuguese with great valour, driving them back with considerable loss, and re-entering his fortification with triumph. From this partial discomfiture, however, the invaders soon recovered, and, advancing with more caution, formally and completely invested the place.

The siege lasted a considerable time. All attempts to cut through the massy and impenetrable bulwark were unavailing. Escalades were equally unsuccessful, for the besieged who manned the battlements of the wall with unabated valour and vigilance repulsed every attack, and kept up a destructive fire upon the assailants. Unfortunately the Palmarese had but a very insufficient supply of powder; but this, instead of shaking the constancy of their resistance, served but to increase the ardour and ingenuity with which they sought for substitutes of defensive warfare. Darts, arrows, stones of immense size were hurled from the battlements, and boiling water was successfully used in repelling several of the attacks attempted by scaling. This determined resistance, and the great numbers of killed and wounded amongst the Portuguese, abated their ardour; and, from the desolation of the surrounding country, the necessary supplies of food and refreshment began to fail. Murmurs arose amongst the soldiery, and it became evident that, without a reinforcement of troops, a supply of provisions, and above all, without the assistance of artillery, their enterprise must be abandoned. Dispatches were sent off to the governor of Pernambucco, urging these necessary supplies; and in the mean time their annoyance of the besieged was relaxed and their attacks suspended.

The Palmarese, perceiving this suspension of operations on the part of their besiegers, began to entertain hopes that they were preparing to retire altogether. These expectations were indeed necessary to encourage them to further exertions, for not only was their stock of powder wholly consumed, but they began also to experience the distresses of famine; by far the majority of all their nation having retired into the entrenchments with their women and children. Yet they endured all with the determined spirit of freemen, in daily expectation of enjoying their pristine liberty, their unrestrained and predatory life, or

their rural and domestic happiness. Their hopes, however, were too soon crushed by the arrival of a detachment of troops, which, with much difficulty, had been sent to the assistance of the besiegers from Pernambucco, with provisions and with artillery. From the summit of their central eminence the Palmarese beheld these opportune supplies arrive by two different roads, and when they viewed the heavy guns, the fresh troops and long train of convoyed waggons, they felt their ruin was inevitable, and lost, with their hopes, the spirit which had hitherto upheld them in the midst of their hardships and privations.

A breach was made by the cannon near one of the entrances, and in a general storm which succeeded, that and the adjoining gateway were forced, and the Portuguese entered the place. The resistance of the inhabitants had been comparatively weak, for they felt that it would not be effectual. They rallied for a moment within, and sustained one violent shock of the attacking army, but at the second they gave way. The Zombi with the greater part of his warlike companions retreated to the interior mount, where they defended themselves for some time with determined resolution; but, at length, despairing but unconquered, those who survived the lot of war, rather than fall into the hands of the Portuguese, threw themselves from the precipice with their Zombi, devoting themselves thus to liberty even in death.

Vengeance was thus disappointed, but the object of the invaders was completed, and this formidable haunt of a nation of robbers was destroyed. The wounded, the aged, the women, and the children, together with the accumulation of much spoil, including a considerable quantity of gold and silver, were the trophies of the success of the Portuguese on their return to Pernambucco. The captives were mostly sold for slaves at Olinda; but the wounded warriors, after they were cured, and a few men, were sent to Bahia, Rio Janeiro, and other distant parts of the coast of Brazil for sale; and the Portuguese thus succeeded in rooting out and dispersing this dangerous community, which had so long been the terror and the scourge of their interior settlements in that part of the country.

Joseph Warton *and* Pope.

Sir,

JOSEPH Warton, in one of his petulant annotations upon Pope, has observed that, in the following couplet, there is a confusion of time in the tenses employed:

> Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
> The young, who labour, and the old, who rest.

"The tenses are here unluckily changed," says the critic, "contrary to grammatical propriety. *Blest* is the time past; *labour* and *rest*, in the next line, the time present."

All this is very true; but I should be glad to learn where the error is. In the first line, the "portion'd maids" and "apprentic'd orphans" bless their benefactor for a favour that is passed: in the second line, the action described is still going on. The same sentiment expressed in prose would stand thus:

"The maids whom he had portioned, and the orphans whom he had apprenticed out, blessed him; so also did the young who still labour, and the old who rest from their labour; because they also were indebted to him for some kindness or other."

The last member of my paraphrase is evidently implied, though not expressed in the concise couplet of the poet: for, it is not likely that the young should bless him for labouring, or the old for rest, merely as such, unless the labours of the one and the rest of the other had been affected, in some way or other, by the bounty of the *Man of Ross*. In this sense, therefore, there is no irregularity in the use of the tenses.

I remain, &c.

Y. Z.

Chelsea, June 4, 1809.

A Final Rejoinder.

Sir.

THE error in Milton, which I stated in your Magazine, and which has produced several letters from your correspondents in vindication of him, still appears to me in the same light as I first represented it. The similar mode of expression to be found in St. Paul, can have no weight in supporting what is wrong, supposing Milton to be wrong: and in the light of an authority, it is somewhat ridiculous, unless the original language were quoted, for, may not a translator make blunders where there are none in the original?—I have done, however, with the question, and I suppose I may conclude in the name of my opponents,—

He that's convinc'd against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

Your's, &c.

A. B.

Some Observations *upon the* Habits *attributed by* Herodotus *to the* Crocodiles *of the* Nile. *By* M. Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire*.

For the Universal Magazine.

THE history of Herodotus is one of the most valuable of literary productions. It is the most ancient, and it is also, perhaps, the most important, on account of the number and value of the facts which it contains. It has had many detractors, however; especially at that time when the ridiculous question was agitated respecting the pre-eminence of the ancients over the moderns. Herodotus can be accused of relating prodigies only when he is contemplated by the standard of our own institutions: but, if we visit Egypt, and view its ancient monuments and catacombs, and consider its numerous and magnificent remains of social organization, we shall be convinced that Herodotus has added nothing to the picture of antiquity which he has delineated.

Such was the opinion which I formed while among the ruins of the famous Thebes and its hundred gates. I passed the greatest part of the month of October there, in the year 1799; and I employed some moments of leisure in ascertaining the veracity of Herodotus with regard to his observations upon natural history. I shall confine myself, at present, to what he has said respecting the Crocodile.

I had only this opportunity of studying this celebrated animal. It is known that he is found no where but in the *Thebaid* and in the Upper Nile. Not having remained long enough at Thebes to corroborate all the observations of Herodotus, I supplied my deficiencies by inquiries of the fishermen of Luxor, of Carnat, and of Medinet-Abou.

It may be necessary to observe, that these sort of people, in Egypt, have more knowledge of their trade, and more acquaintance with the habits of aquatic animals, than their brethren in Europe. The occupation is hereditary, and descends from father to son: and their knowledge is transmitted with accuracy, for they dread nothing so much as a fruitless expenditure of time and labour. They say, in the same sense as naturalists, and almost always with singular precision, *such an animal is of such a genus, and such a one is but a variety of this genus.* They have also our dual nomenclature, and they designate each species by its generic and specific appellation.

However, I was not wholly without distrust. I suspected their indolence of mind and their servility of character. They do not love much talking; and, from the hope of a good reward, they have the courtesy of not displeasing any one by contradiction: hence, they almost naturally reply *yes* to every question that is put to them, provided they are not interested in it.

Thus forewarned, my readers will be enabled to exercise a discretionary judgment.

Herodotus, in the translation of M. Larcher, commences thus upon the subject of the crocodile:—

"*Let us now pass to the crocodile and its natural qualities.—It never eats during the four most severe months of winter.*"

I interrogated my fishermen upon

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* Translated from the "Annales du Museum d'Histoire Naturelle."

this point: but they did not comprehend me. Yet, the position of Herodotus is not contrary to the known character of reptiles. *Bartram* asserts, positively, the same thing of the crocodiles or *caymans* of North America; but, to be sure, these animals live in a colder climate, inhabit a younger soil, and are enabled to find, more easily, barren places where they may conceal themselves and remain torpid during the winter. If crocodiles were still to be found in Lower Egypt, as they were in the time of Herodotus, it is very probable that his observation would be true: that portion of Egypt, (especially on the shores of the Pelusiac branch and of lake Menzaleh) being covered by inaccessible marshes, and being also much colder, both from its northern position and from the abundant rains that fall during the winter. Should not Herodotus, therefore, be considered as speaking only of these crocodiles in the neighbourhood of the sea?

"*Though it has four feet, yet it is amphibious: it passes the greater part of the day in dry places, and the whole night in the river, for the water is warmer than the air and the dew.*"

These observations are strictly true. All crocodiles do this, unless some local circumstances combine to render it impossible. They live in troops, on the tops of the islands, which are very numerous in the rivers. They never leave the spot that gave them birth, except to seek for prey; and they return, at stated periods, and repose, in common, upon the strand. —They never believe themselves safe. Hence, if they hear the least noise, and, above all, if they perceive any one coming towards them, they plunge into the water, separate from each other, and swim about at hazard.

When any persons come to the shore which they inhabit, and remain there a length of time (as I had the patience to do for half a day with some friends and my guides) it causes them the greatest uneasiness. They cannot remain under water more than ten minutes at a time, and they do not even wait ten minutes without raising their heads so that their snout is level with the surface of the water. —The nasal apertures being in the middle, they are thus enabled to draw in the air, which, from the peculiar organisation of the parts, passes into the tracheal artery, without any of the ambient water. But this manner of breathing while swimming, fatigues them after a while: then they separate into two troops; the smallest goes to a distance to find some beach where they may be safe; but the larger ones content themselves with approaching the slope which is produced at the head of each island by the deposited sediment of the earth.

So much inquietude at the sight of a single man, shews a timidity of character; and, in fact, the crocodile is a fearful animal on land, but he is quite the reverse in the water. It is not prudent to bathe near him. The cries of terror that were uttered by the inhabitants of Luxor, at beholding a Frenchman commit the rash act, were sufficiently indicative of the idea which they entertained of the power and ferocity of the crocodile. It is no uncommon thing to meet, in the Thebaid, countrymen who are deprived of an arm or a leg; and if they are asked to what accident they owe their loss, they reply, *this misfortune happened to me from a crocodile.*

"*They lay their eggs upon the earth, and hatch them there.*"

Aristotle says the same of the incubation of the female of the crocodile. The fishermen, however, assure me that the heat of the sun alone hatches the eggs of the crocodile. Should Herodotus be understood, in the expressions which he has used, as meaning the care which the mothers bestow upon their eggs when they are upon the point of being hatched? I asked how long a time elapsed between the laying of the eggs and the birth of the young crocodile: they always replied a month, without being able to specify the exact number of days.

Two enemies of the crocodile, the ichneumon and the *tupinambis**, are constantly employed in seeking for its eggs, of which they are very fond. These animals excited the gratitude

* *Ouaran el bar* of the Arabs: *Lacerta nilotica* of Hasselquist.

of the ancient Egyptians, by attacking thus, in its very source, the reproduction of an animal so fatal to Egypt.

The *tupinambis*, which swims very well, carries on, besides, a constant war with the young crocodiles, and continues the pursuit of them till they take shelter amongst larger individuals of their species.

The Egyptians imagine that the tupinambis is the crocodile in its first state; and, though they have often had opportunities of correcting themselves in this error, yet they persevere in it, for that which approaches to the marvellous will never want enthusiasts to relate it, nor the credulous to believe it.

"*Of all known animals, there is not one which becomes so great after having been so little. The eggs are not much larger than those of a goose, and the animals that issue from them are in proportion to the eggs: but they gradually grow, and reach to seventeen cubits, and even more.*"

Ælian relates that there was to be seen one of twenty-five cubits under *Psammeticus*, and another of twenty-six under *Amasis*; and the learned have determined that this measure was nearly equal to thirty-five or thirty-seven feet. Prosper Alpinus, Hasselquist, and Norden, speak of crocodiles that were thirty feet in length. M. Lacipierre, an officer of health, and a member of the French Commission in Egypt, was in possession of teeth which had belonged to a crocodile of equal dimensions. Now, we know that a crocodile, when it issues from the egg, is nine inches long: it is capable, therefore, of acquiring more than forty times its original length. What Herodotus says of the size of the egg is also perfectly correct.

"*It has the eyes of a hog, the teeth are projecting, and of a size in proportion to that of the body.*"

Pere Fenillée (Observ. tom. 3. p. 373.) says of the crocodile of St. Domingo, that it has the eyes of a hog; which, doubtless, implies that the crocodile has a small prominent eye, the upper part of which is covered and almost hidden. Its under eye-lid moves in an upward direction. As, according to the relation of Swammerdam, the pupil of the eye is capable of contraction, like that of the cat, and of becoming perpendicularly long, some learned individuals, and especially M. Camus, who saw a living crocodile at Paris in 1772, have found that its eyes have more resemblance to those of a cat than of a pig. I shall simply observe that this is a quality which it possesses in common with many nocturnal animals, as also being furnished with a *membrana nictitans*.

With regard to its teeth, every one is acquainted with them; and besides, M. Lacepede, in his interesting article of the *Crocodile*, may be consulted.

"*It is the only animal which has no tongue.*"

Yes, doubtless, which has no apparent tongue: such is the opinion that would be formed from an inspection of the living animal, and which has been given by Aristotle in two parts of his works, by Seba, Hasselquist, and all travellers. But, notwithstanding, the tongue has been discovered by Olaüs Wormius, Girard, Borrich, and Blasius. The early anatomists of the Academy of Sciences have also described it; and they suspected the accuracy of Herodotus in consequence; but surely he may be forgiven that he did not know what after ages have discovered only by means of anatomical research.

"*It does not move the under jaw, and it is the only animal, also, which moves the upper jaw towards the under one.*"

Much has been written for and against this position; but I am astonished that it should have been so long questioned. The crocodile is, in fact, the only known animal whose upper jaw *(between the parts of which the skull is to be found)* moves towards the inferior one, *which has scarcely any motion at all*. Herodotus, however, could not establish this distinction. *He* had, under his eyes, living crocodiles, and he was fully justified in speaking, as he has spoken, of the motion of their jaws.

"*The claws of the crocodile are very strong, and the skin on the back is so*

covered with scales, as to be impenetrable."

It is impossible, in fact, to penetrate the armour of the crocodile, without using iron weapons: leaden bullets flatten on his sides, but do not enter, unless they happen to strike him near the ears.

"*It cannot see when in the water; but when above the surface, its sight is very exact.*"

The first proposition can only mean that he sees less perfectly under water; but the second is strictly true. *Procopius* has verified this fact: he often endeavoured to approach near enough to crocodiles to shoot at them, but the moment he was perceived they fled and disappeared. I have repeated the same observations at the isle of Thebes and at that of Hermuntis. — The moment the crocodiles perceived me, I saw them slowly turn themselves and make towards the river: at first, they proceeded with caution and with a measured pace; but, arrived within a certain distance, they leaped, all at once, into the water. I approached the beach which they had quitted, and from the impression of their feet on the sand, the largest among them had leaped at least eight feet.

I am also informed that crocodiles hear at a great distance. My conductors, who were not ignorant of this, recommended me to preserve the strictest silence, as the only means of approaching near to them.

"*As it lives in the water, it has its throat filled with leeches. All animals, every beast, avoids it; it lives in amity with nothing but the* TROCHILUS, *from which it receives most important services. It keeps its mouth open, the* TROCHILUS *enters and eats up all the leeches. The crocodile feels so much pleasure in being thus relieved, that he never commits any outrage upon his deliverer.*"

This passage is one which has exercised the ingenuity of commentators more than any other. Some have denied the fact altogether; but it is certain that they are wrong in thus impeaching the veracity of this historian. I took every pains possible to ascertain the fact that there is a small bird, which, flying constantly from beach to beach, and continually occupied in seeking for its food, enters sometimes into the throat of the crocodile when it is asleep, and eats the insects that are there sucking its blood, and not leeches, in the strict acceptation of the word, such as M. Larcher uses it in his translation. There are no leeches in the Nile; but there is a vast number of gnats engendered on its surface, which are a great torment to the crocodile, by inserting their proboscis into the orifices of the glands which are very numerous in its tongue and palate.

It has not yet been discovered what is the bird which performs this good office for the crocodile, except by ridiculous stories which have been invented by way of explanation.

Blanchard, among others, in the *Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions*, attributes to it (doubtless from a false interpretation of an expression of Scaliger's) thorns on the back and at the end of the wings; and he describes it as a busy servant who endeavours to put the crocodile to sleep by a gentle tickling. Can it have been thought that the invention of this fable would increase the veracity of Herodotus?

Marmol, who knows as little upon this subject as Blanchard, says that it is a white bird, of the size of a thrush.

The greater part of translators have made it a wren, by giving a meaning, too absolute, to a passage in Pliny respecting the *trochilus*; but this error has been removed by M. Larcher, who justly observes that the wren is a wood bird, which dwells in dry places and hedges.

Aldrovandus, who lived before all the modern *literati*, has approached the nearest to truth, when he conjectures from several passages of Aristotle and Athenæus that the *trochilus* is the *coureur*, an aquatic bird, very quick in running, having long legs and a straight and slender beak.

Salerno endeavours to support this opinion by new proofs.

Lastly, the *trochilus* has been discovered in modern times. Father Sicard, one of the missionaries sent to the Levant, notices it under its Arabian name of *Sag-sag*. It is to be lamented that he did not indicate to what species this individual belongs.

There is no bird so frequent on the shores of the river as the trochilus. Hasselquist has described it under the name of *charadrius ægyptius*. It is a distinct species, though very similar to the small plover of Europe. Aristotle and Athenæus are both perfectly right in saying that it runs very quick, and that it goes, in calm weather, to seek its food in the water.

"*All beasts and animals fly from the crocodile.*"

The common heron, on the contrary, seems to be fond of it: at least he seeks the neighbourhood of the crocodile; but he takes care to have the river between him and his friend, doubtless from motives of safety,—Wherever herons are seen, there can be no doubt of crocodiles being found on the other bank. I recollect that the presence of these birds directed us, on the 21st October 1799, to a troop of fifteen crocodiles, which were reposing quietly upon land, and whom we threw into confusion by a cannon ball which our vessel fired upon them: the herons were not alarmed, but continued to watch. They keep thus near the crocodiles to avail themselves of the terror which they create in the river, and to be ready to seize the fish which their presence causes to fly in every direction.

The pelican has the same instinct: but he does not confine himself to this sole fishing, nor does he persist with the same perseverance as the heron.

"*When the crocodile reposes upon land, he has the habit, almost always, of turning towards the side whence the wind blows and of keeping his mouth open.*"

This is a fact which I have frequently verified, both at the isle of Thebes and Hermuntis. I have been able to observe, very distinctly, upon the moist sand, the traces of two troops of crocodiles which my approach had driven away; almost all of them had their throats directed towards the north-west: some of them had been lying on their sides, and the impression of their half opened jaws was very visible on the sand.

My guides availed themselves of these circumstances to make me observe the difference between the males and females. I thought, indeed, that I could observe that the impressions which they attributed to the males, had a head much stronger but shorter than the others. On this occasion they boasted much of the superiority of the males over the females; adding, that the males knew very well how to make themselves obeyed, by biting the females, or striking them severely with their tails.

"*Some of the Egyptians consider the crocodiles as sacred animals. The inhabitants of Thebes, for example, have a great veneration for them. The sacred crocodile is nourished with the flesh of victims, and with other prescribed food. As long as it lives, it is taken the greatest care of; when it dies, they embalm it and deposit it in a sacred chest.*"

Many mummies of crocodiles were found in the catacombs where the people of the city of Thebes were buried. I myself found two: M. Pugnet, one of the most able of the medical men belonging to the army of the east, found also a very fine one: and, lastly, the grottos of *Heletia* were filled with the bones of large crocodiles that had been embalmed. I have also brought, from the same places and from the burial grounds of Memphis, the figures of crocodiles modelled in porcelain and in baked earth.

"*The inhabitants of the environs of Thebes select a crocodile, which they rear and instruct with such care, that it will suffer itself to be touched by the hand. They adorn it with ear-rings made of gold or stone.*"

There is not a single circumstance, even down to so minute a one as this, which I have not had an opportunity of verifying. Having had occasion for the head of one of my crocodile mummies, I drew it forth from its bandages, and I had the satisfaction of perceiving, from the apertures in its ears, that they had been perforated to hang ear-rings in them.

I have thus commented upon every paragraph of Herodotus respecting the crocodile, and I have done it without prejudice; I may be suspected of admiring this great man, and I am willing to confess that I do.

On the CONDUCT *of* BONAPARTE.
By Mr. BURDON.

Sir,

THE sudden turn which seems to have been given to the affairs of Austria by the late victories, should it be followed by other successes, may make a rapid change in the state of the continent; and however all men must admire the vigour and talents of Bonaparte, they cannot, in my opinion, be friends to human happiness, who wish for the extension and establishment of his tyranny. Convinced that no aid, given by this country, can be effectual towards the deliverance of Europe, I should lament at the strength of Great Britain being any further employed in so hopeless an undertaking: nay, more, I should say that the nations of the continent have not deserved it; for if they will not exert themselves to effect their own safety, having as they have the physical means of resistance, they deserve to be subject to that power whose greatest strength is in their weakness. Most heartily do I wish for their success against the most unprincipled and merciless tyrant. But after the experience they have had of the means by which he has gained so many advantages over them, the rulers of those nations almost deserve to suffer any calamity he can inflict, if they neglect any longer to take those means of ensuring the fidelity and attachment of their subjects, which Bonaparte has been artful enough to promise them, and wicked enough to deny them after he has gained their submission.

To me there seems nothing more extraordinary, than that men in this country, professing themselves the friends of freedom, should ever be so far deceived by the arts of Bonaparte, as to believe him the friend of civil and religious liberty, the benevolent ruler of the nations he has subdued, and the promoter of peace and civilization. Can any man seriously believe that the nations of Europe, even those the most oppressed, can derive any benefit by changing their late or their present rulers for Bonaparte or any of his deputies: if there is such a man, I should wish to take the trouble of shewing in what respect those nations have improved their condition which have already come under his authority. Facts are not to be controverted, and mere words are not to be believed; and yet there are men who seem to rejoice at every victory gained by the tyrant, at every extension of his power, even by the most nefarious means, at every kingdom added to his extensive empire. To those who affect to doubt of his cruel and tyrannical disposition, let the murders of Toussaint, Pichegru, and D'Enghien be suggested; and above all, let them remember the late cruel decree for making the Austrian prisoners serve in the Bavarian armies, a measure in direct opposition to all the laws and practice of civilized nations: and if any doubt remain of the effect his conduct and his example has had in barbarizing the most polished nation in all Europe, let them recollect the cruelties committed by the French armies in Spain and Portugal; and yet this is the man who dares to hold up to the execration of posterity "the wanton cruelty committed by the Austrians in Bavaria."

The whole of his language and manifestoes, relating to the present renewal of the contest, shew how completely he is master of all the arts of deception; and the pages of your Magazine, under the head of Public Affairs, shew how completely he has succeeded in making dupes even of the most enlightened friends of liberty. The dispatch of the minister Champagny, sent to General Andreossi, the French ambassador at Vienna, is one of those papers which has contributed the most to deceive the credulous as to the real views and motives of Bonaparte in the present contest; and those who take every thing that he says and writes for granted, must, no doubt, have formed a very high idea of his magnanimity and pacific disposition. It is not, however, difficult for those, who are not under the influence of any such prepossession, to perceive that the Philippic which the tyrant delivered to the Austrian minister, who is represented to have played so insignificant a part in the dialogue, was uttered with all that violence and gesticulation for which the Corsican is so remarkable when he finds any of his schemes frustrated or his power opposed. It

must have been pretty much such a scene as that which passed between him and Lord Whitworth, to the terror and astonishment of all the surrounding corps diplomatique; for, however the crafty minister attempts to disguise it in his dispatch, it is evident that his master must have been moved even to an indecent degree of warmth, or what need had he to use the following expressions: "His Majesty seemed to be moved; he showed, however, only such a degree of animation as so great a motive was calculated to excite. The emperor, *to those who are capable of comprehending him*, is noble, frank, magnanimous, and attentive to all the duties of etiquette." The minister should have added, "even when he seems to violate them to the utmost." —The whole of what has been published by the French on the present affair, shows more than ever that fatal command of argument and language which they possess in making the worse appear the better reason, and how much they are indebted to the press in all their nefarious undertakings. It is a new engine of despotism, and of its success we have had fatal testimony.

The Austrians are in this respect, no doubt, as your editor has remarked of their Bulletins, much their inferiors. Should they, however, fortunately gain a superiority by arms, it is to be hoped that they will leave that deficiency not much to be regretted, by employing their time and their resources to the improvement of those territories which were left them by the peace of Presburgh: for it is not to be desired, that the constitution of the Germanic empire should ever be revived, nor the kings of Bonaparte's making ever lose their thrones. Europe is on many accounts better divided than before, were the power of Bonaparte restrained to the limits of France, and Poland restored to her independence.

To those who look at the Austrian dominions in the map of Europe with a philosophic eye, they seem sufficiently large to satisfy even the longings of ambition, and to indulge the feelings of benevolence. How many fine tracts of country now lie waste and uncultivated in those extensive possessions; how many towns and cities which, for want of commerce and good government, are deprived of the common comforts of life, as well as of luxury; and how many miserable peasants are dispersed over a fruitful soil, which hardly affords them subsistence for want of due cultivation. These things, it is to be hoped, will some time or other be redressed: in the mean time, we must view with agitation and interest the events which hasten or retard that happy consummation.

I remain, Sir, &c.

W. Burdon.

Hartford, near Morpeth,
June 11, 1809.

On the Genius *of* Seneca.

THERE is a sacred veil thrown over the works of antiquity, which to attempt to remove may be thought presumptuous; and it may be deemed as the grossest hardihood to dare to question the existence of that merit which the philosophers of all ages have acknowledged, and which has been the object of their reverence. To question the towering genius of Homer, the fire of Milton, the melody of Pope, the holy ravings of Young, or the affected simplicity of Southey, Wordsworth, Scott, and Co. were tantamount to an attempt to demonstrate that a triangle has four sides, or that Mr. Capel Lofft were not worthy to succeed to the envied dignity of Poet Laureat, since, with his usual critical acumen, he has declared that Bloomfield's namby pamby poems are equal to, and in some cases superior, to the vigorous and matchless compositions of Dryden. To dispute the genius of Seneca may be deemed equally presumptuous, and may be ascribed to a desire to affect originality: but I totally disavow that desire, and I am willing to be judged by the truth or falsity of my remarks.

The imagination of Seneca often transplanted him into the regions of visionary beings; and its impetuous motions often transplanted him into countries totally unknown to him; but in which, notwithstanding his ignorance, he marched with the same confidence as if he knew where he

was, or whither he was going. He imagined he was advancing considerably, by taking long steps, figured paces, and in a just cadence; but he resembled a person dancing, who always finishes where he set off. It is necessary to make a just distinction between the force and beauty of the language, and the force and evidence of the arguments. There is, without doubt, much force and some degree of beauty in the sentences of Seneca, but there is very little force and evidence in his arguments. By the force of his imagination he gives a certain force to his sentences, which move, agitate, and persuade by their strong impression; but he does not clothe them in that purity and perspicuity which enlighten and persuade by demonstration. He convinces, because he touches and pleases our feelings; but I do not believe that he can succeed in persuading those, who peruse him with deliberation, who are not subject to be taken by surprise, and who are accustomed to yield only to the perspicuity and evidence of the arguments. In fine, if Seneca spoke well, it gave him little concern what he spoke; and thus he often persuades, at the same time, that we are often ignorant, either how or with what we are persuaded; as if we ought ever to allow ourselves to be persuaded of any thing, without having a perfect conception of it, and of the proofs which are brought to demonstrate it. Can any thing be more pompous and magnificent than the idea which he gives us of his sage? But, in reality, can any thing, fundamentally speaking, be more vain and imaginary? The portrait which he draws of Cato is too beauful to be natural. Cato was a man, subject to all the infirmities of his nature: he was not invulnerable, as was supposed; they who struck him, wounded him: he had neither the hardness of the diamond, which iron cannot break—nor the firmness of the rocks, which the waves cannot shake. Yet Seneca asserts it; but he was subsequently obliged to acknowledge, when his imagination became a little sober, that the same Cato was not insensible.

Itaque non resert, quam multa in illum tela conciciantur cum sit nulli penetrabilis. Quomodo quorumdam lapidum inexpugnabilis ferro duritia est, nec secari adamas, aut cædi vel terri potest, sed incurrentia altro retundit, quemadmodum projecti in altum scopuli mare frangunt, nec ipsi ulla sævitia vestigia tot verberati sæculis ostentant. Ita sapientis animus solidus est et id roboris collegit, ut tam turus sit ab injuria, quæ illa quæ extuli.—Sen. cap. 5. Tract. quod in sapientem non cadet injuria.

But will he not allow, that his sage may become miserable, as he acknowledges that he is not insensible to grief? No, without doubt, the grief of his sage does not wound him; the tear of grief does not agitate him. His sage is far elevated above the caprice of fortune and the malice of men; they are not capable of disturbing his peace.

But do not believe, says Seneca, that the sage whom I depicture is no where to be found. It is not a fiction to elevate foolishly, and without foundation, the mind of man. It is not a great idea without reality and truth, and perhaps Cato accords with this idea.

Non est ut dicas ita ut soles, hunc sapientem nostrum nusquam inveniri. Non fingimus istud humani ingenii vanum decus, nec ingentem imaginem rei falsæ concipimus; sed qualem, confirmamus, exhibuimus et exhibebimus. Cateeum hic ipse Cato vereor ne supra nostrum exemplar sit.

Thus the vigorous imagination of Seneca made his reason run wild. But is it probable that men, who are continually sensible of their miseries and infirmities, could possibly coincide in the vain sentiments of Seneca? Can a rational man be ever persuaded that his grief neither affects nor wounds him? and Cato, wise and firm as he was, could he suffer without inquietude, or at least without some distraction of mind, I do not say the atrocious injuries of an enraged people, but the sting of a simple bee? What can be produced more weak and futile against the strong and convincing proofs of our own experience, than this fine argument of Seneca, and which is nevertheless one of his principal proofs? The injurer, he says, ought to be stronger than the injured. Vice is not strong-

er than virtue, therefore the sage cannot be injured; for he has only to answer, either that all men are sinners, and consequently worthy of the misery which they suffer, which religion teaches us, or, that if vice be not stronger than virtue, the vicious may have sometimes more force than the virtuous, which experience itself teaches us.

Validus debet esse quod lædit, eo quod læditur. Non est autem fortior nequitia, virtute. Non potest ergo lædi sapiens. Injuria, in bonos non tentatur nisi a malis: bonis inter se pax est. Quod si lædi nisi infirmior non potest malus autem bono infirmior est, nec injuria bonis nisi a dispari verenda est, injuria in sapientem virum non cadit.—Chap. 7.

Epicurus was right when he said that a wise man tolerated injuries; but Seneca was wrong when he said that a wise man cannot be injured. The virtue of the Stoics could not render them invulnerable; because real virtue does not prevent us from being miserable and worthy of compassion at the time when any injury is sustained. St. Paul and the primitive Christians had more virtue than Cato and all the Stoics, but they nevertheless confessed that they were miserable from the pains which they endured, although they were comparatively happy in the hope of an eternal recompence.

I do not believe that any author can be selected, more proper than Seneca, to expose in what manner the strong and vigorous imaginations domineer over the weak and less enlightened minds, not by the force and evidence of arguments, which are the productions of mind, but by the lively turn and manner of expression which depend on the force of the imagination.

It must, however, be allowed, that all the thoughts of Seneca are not false nor dangerous. His works may be read with great advantage, by those who have a well regulated mind, and who know the foundation of the Christian moral. Many eminent men have made a very beneficial use of them; and it is far from my wish to condemn those who, to accommodate themselves to the weakness of others, have extracted from them the proofs wherewith to defend the moral of Jesus Christ, and thereby fight the enemies of the evangelists with their own weapons.

There are some good things in the Alcoran, and we find some true prophecies in the Centuries of Nostradamus. The Alcoran is used to defend Islaism, and the prophecies of Nostradamus may serve to convince some visionary beings. But because there is something good in the Alcoran, it does not necessarily follow that the Alcoran is a good book; and notwithstanding the prolix commentaries on the Centuries of Nostradamus, few persons are willing to bestow on him the title of prophet.

I know that Seneca is held in great esteem, and that it may be considered a species of temerity in me to speak of him as I have done; but I am not single in that respect, for it is now sixteen hundred years ago that a very judicious author remarked, That there was very little exactitude or consistency in the philosophy of Seneca, little discernment or justice in his elocution; and that his reputation was more the effect of an indiscreet zeal and attachment of young people than the consent of enlightened and skilful minds.*

It were here proper to enter into a more diffuse exposition of the works of Seneca, but having now overstepped my limits I shall reserve it for a future opportunity.

R. H.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

SIR,

AS you have afforded a corner in your Miscellany for translations from Ælian and Polyænus, writers of anecdotes, it begets a hope, that extracts from Grecian authors are not unacceptable to your numerous readers. It will at least give variety; if it doth not add to the value of com-

* In philosophia parum diligens. Velles eum suo ingenio dixisse, alieno judicio. Si aliqua contempsisset, &c. —consensu potius eruditorum quam puerorum amore comprobaretur.—Quintilian, l. 10, c. 1.

munications of this kind, if they be succeeded by some passages of the graver cast. With this view I would offer you a translation of Æschines' Dialogue, entitled AXIOCHUS, or "on the fear of death," a subject that comes home to the feelings of all men. It will be proper to introduce it with a memoir of the author and an analysis of the piece. The former accompanies this from, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JOSHUA TOULMIN.

Birmingham, June 10, 1809.

A MEMOIR *of* ÆSCHINES. *By Dr.* TOULMIN.

ÆSCHINES, the son of a sausage maker and a disciple of the Socratic school, lived more than four hundred years before Christ. His father's name, as some say, was Charinus, others Lysanius. He was a native of Athens. From his early youth he was fond of application and study; and so attached to Socrates that he never left him, which led that philosopher to say that "the son of a sausage maker only knew how to respect him." He was so destitute of any means of acknowledging the instruction he received, that, addressing himself to Socrates, he said, "I am poor, and have nothing to give you but myself." To which the sage replied, "Do you not know that you have made me a rich present." It is reported, that on account of the pressure of poverty, Socrates advised him to practice, as it were, usury on himself, by lessening the quantity of his food.

The Grecian republics, and Athens in particular, were not well disposed towards the philosophers, nor made them a recompence for the great service which they rendered to the state by instructing the youth in virtue. This induced many of them, as Plato, Aristippus, and others, to repair to the court of Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, who had some taste for philosophy and poetry, and was the patron of literary men. Æschines, driven by penury, went to Sicily, where he arrived when Plato and Aristippus were residing there.

According to some, Plato treated him with neglect, but Aristippus stood by him. A letter, in the Socratic epistles, which we shall give below, confirms this representation. But Plutarch, in his treatise on the difference between a friend and a flatterer, gives another account of the matter. He says, that Plato being then out of favour with the tyrant, contrived to ingratiate himself again by introducing Æschines to him.—On being admitted to speak to him, he addressed him thus: "If you understood, Dionysius, that any one had made a voyage to Sicily with a design against you, which he found no opportunity of effecting, would you, however, suffer him to leave the island unpunished, and sail back again?" "By no means," said Dionysius; "for not the overt-acts only of an enemy but his designs, Plato, should be punished." "If," replied Plato, "on the other hand, a person, moved by a kind and friendly disposition, should arrive here with a scheme for your advantage, though you should not afford him an opportunity to execute it, would it be fit to pass him over with an ungrateful neglect?" Dionysius asking him whom he meant? Plato answered,—"This Æschines is the man. If there be a virtuous character, and one who is able to reform others, among the disciples of Socrates, he is the person. But though he has crossed the seas, and come hither to converse with you on the subjects of philosophy, he is neglected." Dionysius was so affected by this remonstrance, that he immediately, with affability and affection, took Plato by the hand, and entertained Æschines with respect and liberality. Æschines presented some of his dialogues to the monarch, and was liberally rewarded. He continued at his court till Dionysius was deposed, and succeeded by Dion. On this he returned to Athens, but not rich. He did not, however, attempt to open an academy for lectures on philosophy, on account of the established reputation and fame of Plato and Aristippus, but gave lessons privately for pay; and afterwards composed judicial orations or pleadings for such as were accused; in which, Timon says, he was very

persuasive. His orations are monuments of his skill and excellence in the rhetorical art, in which he imitated the celebrated orator, Gorgias Leontinus. In proof of this are quoted his orations in defence of the father of Phæacus, the General, and of Dion, that concerning Thergelia. He had an intimate friend and disciple in Aristotle, surnamed Mythos. His character was aspersed by Lysias and Athenæus. The charges brought against him were, that he did not pay his debts, and had seduced a woman of seventy, the wife of a man who sold ointments, and, by extorting presents from her, had reduced her husband and children to beggary.—But little credit, it is thought, is due to accusations that came from those who were prejudiced against the philosophers or from the Epicureans, who had a hatred of the Socratic school. "If Æschines," as the candid Le Clerc observes, "were guilty of those crimes, no reflection ought to fall on philosophy or the school of Socrates. They had no participation in the vices which they condemned. Even the dialogues of Æschines ought not to be, on this account, less esteemed. Their weight is not derived from the authority of the speaker, but the strength of the reasonings. If they be conclusive, if they comprehend what is just and good, as they certainly do, we ought to avail ourselves of them, though the author did not live according to his doctrine. It would be doing a great injury, if I may so speak, to a philosophy infinitely more pure and elevated, if our judgment of it were to depend on the conduct of those who teach it."

In the collection of Socratic epistles there is one of Æschines, which relates to his own history. Mr. Stanley's translation of it is thus:—"As soon as I arrived at Syracuse, Aristippus met me in the forum, and, taking me by the hand, introduced me immediately to Dionysius, to whom he said, 'Dionysius, if a man should come hither to insinuate folly into you, would he not aim at your hurt?' To which Dionysius consenting, 'What then,' continues Aristippus, 'would you do to him?' 'The worst,' answers Dionysius, 'that could be.' 'But if any one,' said he, 'should come to improve you in wisdom, would he not aim at your good?' Which Dionysius acknowledging,—'Behold, then,' continues he, 'Æschines, one of Socrates' disciples, comes hither to instruct you; he aims at your good; therefore, on him confer the benefits you confess are due to such.' 'Dionysius,' said I, interrupting him, 'Aristippus expresseth an admirable friendship in his address, but we are owners only of so much wisdom as restrains us from abusing those with whom we converse.' Dionysius, hereat pleased, commended Aristippus, and promised to make good what he confest was due to me. He heard out Alcibiades, and delighted, it seems, therewith, desired if we had any other dialogues, that we would send them to him, which we promised to do; and therefore, dear friends, we intend to be shortly with you. Whilst I read, Plato was present, (which I had almost forgot to tell you) and whispered something in my behalf privately to Dionysius, by reason of Aristippus. For as soon as he was gone out, he told me that 'he never spoke freely when that man, naming Aristippus, was present. But for what I have said to Dionysius concerning you, I refer myself to him.' The next day in the garden Dionysius confirmed his speech, as said of me, with many sportive sayings, for they were no better. I advised Aristippus and Plato to cease their emulation, because of their general fame; for we shall be the most ridiculous if our actions correspond not with our professions."

Besides orations and epistles, Æschines wrote seven dialogues, in the Socratic spirit and manner, on temperance, moderation, humanity, integrity, and other virtues. See Stanley's History of Philosophy—Æschinis Socratici Dialogi Tres a Clerico—and Bibliotheque Choisie par Jean Le Clerc, xxii. tom.—and Enfield's History of Philosophy, V. i. B. ii. ch. 4.

[*To be continued.*]

STRICTURES *upon the* LONDON REVIEW *of* RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

[*Continued from p.* 294.]

SIR,

AGREEABLY to my promise I resume my task; for it is a task, and an irksome one too. I hope, however, that it will not be a useless one.

Following the series of articles, we come, next, to another of Mr. *Boileau's*, which is written with that insipid inferiority of style, judgment, and sentiment, which sets opinion at defiance. Word follows word, and line follows line; and when these have made up a paragraph, the reader peruses it, and asks himself what have I been about? for his mind is without any perception of employment. Such neutral mediocrity is secure from censure, for it is beneath it; it is secure from praise, for who would praise what cannot be known to have been read. Let me dismiss it therefore.

The next article is a review of Mr. Cecil's Life of the Rev. John Newton, by a Mr. *Clarke*, and which is written with little knowledge of the English language. At p. 147, he speaks of the "bigotry of fanaticism;" can there, then, be fanaticism without bigotry, or bigotry without fanaticism? and, at p. 148, after having degraded Mr. Newton by many contumelious epithets, (the justice of which, however, I do not dispute) he speaks of his "venerable age," not knowing that age is *venerable*, not from itself, but from the character of the individual. Had Abershaw lived to a hundred years, would any one have called his age *venerable*? No one would, I am certain, who knew the etymon of the word, or its legitimate use in our own language.

At p. 150, Mr. Clarke is ridiculously absurd. So absurd, that nothing but natural imbecility or accidental ebriety can account for it; and supposing either of these cases in the writer, why did the responsible and avowed editor, who, it may be presumed, inspects the contributions of his fellow labourers, suffer such silliness to pass?

Having quoted a dream, said to have occurred to Mr. Newton, our wise critic would reject its credibility for want of adequate testimony, it having no other than "the mere personal responsibility of the individual!!" Now, if Mr. Clarke can shew that dreams are capable of any other evidence than that of the person who experiences them, I will agree with him that further testimony would be desirable: but, if I dream that a green goose pie is turned into an alderman, and that the said alderman absolutely walked and talked afterwards, I would ask, who, except myself, can vouch for the reality of my having dreamed such a circumstance? And if, from the natural course of events, all other testimony be impossible, why assume, as a sufficient reason for discrediting a relation of the kind, the mere personal responsibility of the dreamer? Oh these *nominal* reviewers!

At p. 151, Mr. Clarke seems ambitious, like Bayes in the *Rehearsal*, to "elevate and surprise," for I can divine no other motive which he could have for saying "connexion of design and unity of purpose." I confess I should not have a very exalted opinion of that man's intellect who spoke, seriously, of a straight line that was not crooked.

I am sure Mr. Clarke has been, in his time, an unhallowed anonymous reviewer. It is very difficult for a man to shake off the impressions of early habits. A taylor, if he becomes independent, will, sometimes, let fall a word about tape and buckram; and an apothecary, even when enjoying *otium cum dignitate*, cannot always forget the pestle and mortar. So Mr. Clarke, though writing in his own unknown name, cannot help making use of *we* and *us*, see pp. 153 and 160. Now, that such an abomination should be committed by one of the dignified associates who have assembled together for the purpose of discountenancing and utterly annihilating the obscene rites of anonymous criticism, is, to me, astonishing and perfectly incomprehensible. I should have thought that Mr. Cumberland, in pursuit of a purpose of such high purity, would have abstained from engaging the retainers of that very system which he so profoundly execrates and abhors. I should have thought that he would have shrunk

from the insinuation of having "set a thief to catch a thief." His process is much the same, as if a Bow-street magistrate were to incorporate half-a-dozen runners for the purpose of unfolding the iniquities of their own system; and it is true, that in such a case I should be inclined to give them every belief while they adhered to detection and exposure, for who knows so well where to find as he that has hidden? but I should powerfully distrust such gentlemen when they commenced the task of reformation, for an apostate is not always sincere in his apostacy.

The following sentence presents a specimen of ellipsis not very reconcileable to common sense:—

"To him she appears" (i. e. *Christianity*) "only in the semblance of an inexorable fury, whose iron scourge and torturing hour afflict him with hopeless misery in this world, and eternal torture in the next."

It should be "with the dread of eternal torture in the next."

It is not my intention, however, to follow Mr. Clark through all his *curious felicities* of diction: I pass on therefore to the next article, written by a Mr. *Bligh*, and which is intended for a critique on Mr. Roscoe's Life and Pontificate of Leo X; but when I consider the historian and his critic, I remember the prodigy of Shakspeare, (not that it will be here realized),—

"A falcon towering in his pride of place
Was, by a *mousing owl*, hawk'd at——"

I will not finish the line, for it would imply an untruth.

Mr. Bligh is not without a sufficiency of self opinion, when he believes (as he certainly must believe, for his practice proves it) that any reader, except himself, would prefer *his* opinions to Mr. Roscoe's.—The extracts from Mr. Roscoe's volumes do not fill two pages; the review fills sixteen: I leave the reader to judge what will be his entertainment or his instruction. I would not, however, be understood to blame this principle in itself; for when the critic is superior to his author, I would rather read him than his author: but when the critic (if I must prostitute a name that was once venerable) knows nothing of his author's subject, but what he acquires *from* his author, then heaven defend me from his paragraphs!

The last article in this first number is by Mr. Cumberland; and it is a review of Bishop Warburton's Letters.* By what fatality is it that Mr. Cumberland writes the very worst language in the whole number?—How is it that the employer is inferior to the employed? If Mr. Cumberland *cannot* think or write better, as a friend, I advise him to desist: if he can, is it decorous to invite the public to a feast, and give them warm water? It is, I confess, painful to exhibit nothing but the errors of a man who has sometimes done well: but, if the man will commit the errors, where does the fault lie?

It is inconceivable how a man like Mr. Cumberland, who has written enough, I should think, to imply that he can write grammatically, could pen such phrases as to "*refute* and *overthrow* calumnies," (p. 183), "letters *muzzled** and *locked* up," (ibid), "to attempt *at* saying," (p. 184), *cum multis aliis*. These are not faults resting upon opinion: they are not conjectural errors, which one man may approve and another condemn; they are not problematical inaccuracies: they are such faults as a schoolboy would not be suffered to commit, unwhipt, if his master had discernment to note them.

At p. 189, Mr. Cumberland, by a violation of prosopæia, has made a gentleman of truth; for he talks of the splendour of *his* beams.

The beauty of the following metaphor they may enjoy who can find it out:—

"To review a writer of this character is a task of honour and delight. When we cold critics come in contact with his glowing genius, the vivifying mass may throw out sparks, which, if there be any principle of electric sympathy in us, who elicit them, may even, from our incombustible, strike out something that resemble fire." p. 190.

They that can "strike out" a meaning from this senseless rhapsody

* The elegance of the expression deserves to be noticed.

must have powers that belong not to the million. I should be ashamed to write any thing so vile, *without* my name.

At p. 198, Mr. Cumberland says, speaking of Warburton, "he tells us (which I was not aware of, though, perhaps, the reader may be) that a little before his death Pope had planned out an epic poem which he began to be very intent upon; and that the subject was *Brute*."

Mr. Cumberland, who is a veteran in book-making, should *not* have been ignorant of a literary fact, which is known to every reader moderately acquainted with the poetical history of the last century; and, as a *critic*, who is to tell what is not known, it is still worse. Had Mr. Cumberland read Ruffhead's, Johnson's, or Warton's Life of Pope, he would, in either of them, have found what he was ignorant of; and in Ruffhead, I believe (for I have not the volume at hand) he might have read a sketch of the poem.

I have now done with the first number of Mr. Cumberland's ill-planned and ill-conducted review. In my first letter, I stated that all the writers for it were personally unknown to me, except Mr. C. himself; and some of them even nominally: and I now think it equally necessary to add, that the authors reviewed are, *every one*, personally unknown to me. I cannot therefore be suspected of espousing the cause of the man, instead of literature in general.

Whether I shall continue my strictures upon the second number, in the ensuing month, will depend upon other avocations. If I remit, however, let it not be imagined that I relinquish. If it is possible that the *London Review* can find readers enough to pay for paper and print, it may still be worthy of *my* notice: but surely there cannot be many who will be found to purchase such errors of grammar, sense, and language, and such general imbecility as I have detected and arraigned.

I remain, &c.

ARISTARCHUS.

Oxford, June 7, 1809.

REPLY *to the* "QUESTION *for* DISCUSSION."

SIR,

SEEING in your valuable miscellany a question in itself extremely interesting,—Which is most likely to become a learned man, one of moderate abilities, who has had the benefit of tuition under the best masters, or one of great talents, whose own efforts are his only means of acquiring knowledge?—I have taken the liberty of troubling you with a few observations on the subject, which I trust will not prove unentertaining to your correspondent M. N.

On a superficial point of view, the balance would appear nearly equal, when we throw into the scale of a tolerable capacity, the assistance of genius and learning. But when we consider what a mind of great powers is capable of; when we behold the rapidity of its improvement, the depth of its researches, and the mental strength with which it retains whatever it has perused; our opinion waver, and we begin to yield the badge of triumph to the superiority of natural genius. But, to render both sides of the argument more clear and comprehensive, we will imagine two boys of the same age, one of moderate talents, assisted by instructors, the other of vivid genius, dependent on the resources of his own mind. Both possessed of equal stability, and both equally anxious to drink deep of the fountain of knowledge. In the career of the former, we see his progress assisted by the faithful hand of instruction; while the latter, relying solely on his own exertions, has to overcome obstacles it would appear impossible for a youthful mind, aided even by the greatest abilities, to surmount; and while the quickness of his parts and the brilliancy of his conceptions lead him swiftly through the pages of knowledge, he still sighs for the necessary advice of a master, to assist him in the pursuit of information, and teach him the proper application of those treasures he has committed to his memory. In this case, I should consider the efforts of the former, guided by the admonishing voice of wisdom, more likely, during the period of his boyish years, to attain

strength and solidity. But, when time has matured their minds, and their genius risen to the zenith of its lustre, I consider him as losing many of his advantages, and by no means an equal match for his contemporary; for then the intellectual quickness of the latter, guided by reason, and assisted by experience, imbibes, though at a later period, the lessons of instruction from its own superiority; and piercing with the utmost avidity the deepest sources of learning, gathers a store of knowledge, which the greatest efforts of his rival cannot in any degree equal.

Those, Sir, are my sentiments on the subject proposed by your correspondent M. N. and trusting they may in some respects assimilate with his own, I remain, Sir,

Your's, very respectfully,

J. C.

June 15th, 1809.

DESULTORY OBSERVATIONS *upon* THOMSON'S "SPRING."

Sir,

THERE are many redundancies in the language in this fascinating, moral, and sublime poet. He has also, sometimes, verbal inelegancies, as when he says of a gathering storm, the clouds

"by swift degrees
In heaps on heaps," &c.—Spring, l. 148.

But it is impossible to conceive any thing more animated, more just, or more poetic than this description taken in the aggregate. If it contains any thing objectionable, or what can at all be considered as such, it is perhaps when he exclaims,

"But who can hold the shade,
While heaven descends in universal bounty," &c. l. 179.

Though the bounty of heaven may be very necessary to nature, it is hardly expected that man should testify his gratitude by standing out in the midst of a heavy shower.

There is a pretty description of love (l. 250) in the early stages of society, while man was yet uncorrupted, and while love knew no cares, no fears, no jealousies, no heart-burnings; nought

"save the sweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more."

It was not then, as the poet afterwards most beautifully and pathetically describes it, in these degenerate times, a

"bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart."
l. 287.

There is a risible blunder which our poet has fallen into in this poem. He exhorts us very compassionately against the cruelty of using live worms to fish with, and the inhumanity betrayed in it; and afterwards proceeds to lay down at length the rules for this sport, which is after all a barbarous one. But Thomson, with much *feeling*, says,—

"With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Strait as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or, urged by hunger, leap,
Then *fix*, with *gentle twitch*, the barbed hook;
Some *lightly tossing* to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore *slow-dragging* some." l. 407.

This has been remarked before by the silly and conceited author of the "Letters of Literature," p. 142, but in language so colloquial and vulgar, that it hardly deserves notice.

The description of the loves of the birds is at once chaste, animated, and poetic. Thomson does not, perhaps, any where exceed it. Were I to name such parts as I conceive pre-eminent, I would point out the following:—

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That even to birds and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of the regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approvance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,

They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Tho' the whole loosened Spring around her blows,
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family demanding food.

The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mold,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cott amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

The above seven lines are exquisitely beautiful.

With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence around the head
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot pursuing Spaniel far astray.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately framed
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandoned to despair, she sings
Her sorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough,
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can see,
Or wing their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
Its plumy burden; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.

These may indeed be considered as examples of the highest excellence. One line in the commencement is truly sublime. Speaking of the lark, our poet has the following bold and expressive image:—

Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds." l 589.

This description also presents some verbal improprieties; with which, however, it may be remarked, in general, the seasons particularly abound:

Flowering furze. (603)
Freshening shade. (605)

The description of the bull (789, &c.) and the horse may be compared to a similar one in Virgil's third Georgic, between which and Thomson there is a great affinity.

The finest part of the poem before us is, in my opinion, the following delineation of the effects of absence in love,—

But absent, what fantastic woes, arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?
Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: the darkened sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love: or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With softened soul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or, while the world
And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love; and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
Sometimes in crouds distress'd; or if retir'd
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Thro' forests huge, and long untravell'd heaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
The farther shore; where succourless, and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.

and that of jealousy,—

These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewel! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah then! instead of love-enlivened cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.

In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
Her first endearments twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:
For even the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fevered rapture, or of cruel care;
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste.

It is impossible to convey by encomiastic language an adequate idea of the grandeur and beauty of these two parts. To read them is the only criterion.

I remain, &c.

Chichester, June 9, 1809. W. R.

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE; *comprehending Observations on Domestic Habits and, Manners, Religion and Morals.* 2 vols. 1809.

[Concluded from p. 336.]

CONSISTENTLY with the avowed object of these volumes, we find, in Chapter XXVII, a reprobation of Fielding and Smollett for having drawn the clerical character, uninvested with those qualities which ought, but which do not, always belong to it. The censure, however, is misapplied. The aim of these writers was to delineate life; and if an *Adams* or *Thwackum* do exist in society, why should they not be exhibited? Cœlebs will reply, because it tends to degrade an order, whose influence and respectability rest greatly upon opinion: but we would reply, let that order purge and purify itself, and furnish, neither to the novelist nor to the satirist, models for them to delineate. The impunity of vice is its greatest protection; while its exposure serves as a beacon by which to avoid its shoals and quicksands.

At p. 11 of vol. II. the author speaks of the witty opera of the "*living* Dryden." Who is there that merits this name? And at p. 15, Addison is censured for advising the clergy rather to preach the admirable discourses of South, Tillotson, Barrow, Calamy, and Sanderson, than to waste their spirits in laborious compositions of their own. There is solid wisdom in this advice if it be true, that we prefer what is excellent to what is bad: and who would not prefer to sit and hear the eloquence of Tillotson to the inanity of a man who must write because he preaches? But, it is said by Cœlebs, if the country clergy were to do this, the village church would be thinned, for they could not comprehend the discourses of those eminent churchmen. This is erroneous: for if the Liturgy were read in Latin, churches would be just as full. They who attend divine worship, from a clear conception of its nature and efficacy, form a very small part of any congregation. The majority look upon it as a form, which they adopt as mechanically as a soldier does his evolutions.

The following extract will serve to introduce our readers, more intimately, to the acquaintance of the saintly *Lucilla*; the wife whom Cœlebs sought and Cœlebs found; the wife whom no one else *can* find, and whom few would *wish* to find.

"I strolled out alone, intending to call at the rectory, but was prevented by meeting the worthy Dr. Barlow, who was coming to the grove. I could not lose so fair an opportunity of introducing a subject that was seldom absent from my thoughts. I found it was a subject, on which I had no new discoveries to impart. He told me he had seen and rejoiced in the election my heart had made. I was surprised at his penetration. He smiled, and told me he 'took no

great credit for his sagacity, in perceiving what was obvious to spectators far more indifferent than himself. That I resembled those animals who, by hiding their heads in the earth, fancied no body could see them.'

"I asked him a thousand questions about Lucilla, whose fine mind I knew he had, in some measure, contributed to form. I enquired with an eagerness, which he called jealousy, who were her admirers? 'As many men as have seen her,' replied he, 'I know no man who has so many rivals as yourself. To relieve your apprehensions, however, I will tell you that, though there have been several competitors for her favour, not one has been accepted. There has, indeed, this summer been a very formidable candidate, young Lord Staunton, who has a large estate in the county, and whom she met on a visit.' At these words I felt my fears revive. A young and handsome peer seemed so redoubtable a rival, that for a moment I only remembered she was a woman, and forgot that she was Lucilla.

"'You may set your heart at rest,' said Dr. Barlow, who saw my emotion. 'She heard he had seduced the innocent daughter of one of his tenants, under the most specious pretence of honourable love. This, together with the looseness of his religious principles, led her to give his lordship a positive refusal, though he is neither destitute of talents nor personal accomplishments.'

"How ashamed was I of my jealousy! How I felt my admiration encreased! Yet I thought it was too great before to admit of augmentation. 'Another proposal,' said Dr. Barlow, 'was made to her father by a man every way unexceptionable. But she desired him to be informed that it was her earnest request, that he would proceed no farther, but spare her the pain of refusing a gentleman for whose character she entertained a sincere respect; but, being persuaded she could never be able to feel more than respect, she positively declined receiving his addresses, assuring him at the same time that she sincerely desired to retain, as a friend, him whom she felt herself obliged to refuse as a husband. She is as far from the vanity of seeking to make conquests, as from the ungenerous insolence of using ill, those whom her merit has captivated and whom her judgment cannot accept.'

"After admiring in the warmest terms the purity and generosity of her heart, I pressed Dr. Barlow still farther, as to the interior of her mind. I questioned him as to her early habits, and particularly as to her religious attainments, telling him that nothing was indifferent to me which related to Lucilla.

"'Miss Stanley,' replied he, 'is governed by a simple, practical end, in all her religious pursuits. She reads her bible, not from habit, that she may acquit herself of a customary form; not to exercise her ingenuity by allegorizing literal passages, or spiritualizing plain ones, but that she may improve in knowledge and grow in grace. She accustoms herself to meditation, in order to get her mind more deeply imbued with a sense of eternal things. She practices self-examination, that she may learn to watch against the first rising of bad dispositions, and to detect every latent evil in her heart. She lives in the regular habit of prayer; not only that she may implore pardon for sin, but that she may obtain strength against it. She told me one day when she was ill, that if she did not constantly examine the actual state of her mind, she should pray at random, without any certainty what particular sins she should pray against, or what were her particular wants. She has read much scripture and little controversy. There are some doctrines that she does not pretend to define, which she yet practically adopts. She cannot, perhaps, give you a disquisition on the mysteries of the Holy Spirit, but she can and does fervently implore his guidance and instruction; she believes in his efficacy, and depends on his support. She is sensible that those truths, which from their deep importance are most obvious, have more of the vitality of religion, and influence practice more than those abstruse points which unhappily split the religious world into so many parties.

"'If I were to name what are her predominant virtues, I should say sincerity and humility. Conscious of

her own imperfections, she never justifies her faults, and seldom extenuates them. She receives reproof with meekness, and advice with gratitude. Her own conscience is always so ready to condemn her, that she never wonders nor takes offence at the censures of others.

" 'That softness of manner which you admire in her is not the varnish of good breeding, nor is it merely the effect of good temper, though in both she excels, but it is the result of humility. She appears humble, not because a mild exterior is graceful, but because she has an inward conviction of unworthiness, which prevents an assuming manner. Yet her humility has no cant: she never disburdens her conscience by a few disparaging phrases, nor lays a trap for praise by indiscriminately condemning herself. Her humility never impairs her cheerfulness; for the sense of her wants directs her to seek, and her faith enables her to find, the sure foundation of a better hope than any which can be derived from a delusive confidence in her own goodness.

" 'One day,' continued Dr. Barlow, 'when I blamed her gently for her backwardness in expressing her opinion on some serious point, she said, 'I always feel diffident in speaking on these subjects, not only lest I should be *thought* to assume, but lest I really *should* assume a degree of piety which may not belong to me. My great advantages make me jealous of myself. My dear father has so carefully instructed me, and I live so much in the habit of hearing his pious sentiments, that I am often afraid of appearing better than I am, and of pretending to feel in my heart what perhaps I only approve in my judgment. When my beloved mother was ill,' continued she, 'I often caught myself saying, mechanically, God's will be done! when, I blush to own, how little I felt in my heart of that resignation of which my lips were so lavish.'

" I hung with inexpressible delight on every word Dr. Barlow uttered, and expressed my fears that such a prize was too much above my deserts to allow me to encourage very sanguine hopes. 'You have my cordial wishes for your success,' said he, 'though I shall lament the day when you snatch so fair a flower from our fields, to transplant it into your northern gardens.' "

If our readers wish for a specimen of complete silliness, let them peruse the following, in which all the interlocutors (except Dr. Barlow) are infants:—

" 'How many nosegays have you given to Rachel to day, Louisa?' said Dr. Barlow to the eldest of the four. 'Only three a-piece, Sir,' replied she. 'We think it a bad day when we can't make up our dozen.—They are all our own: we seldom touch mamma's flowers, and we never suffer James to take ours, because Phebe says it might be tempting him.' Little Jane lamented that Lucilla had given them nothing to-day, except two or three sprigs of her best flowering myrtle, which, added she, 'we make Rachel give into the bargain to a poor sick lady, who loves flowers, and used to have good ones of her own, but who has now no money to spare, and could not afford to give more than the common price for a nosegay for her sick room! So we always slip a nice flower or two out of the green-house into her little bunch, and say nothing. When we walk that way we often leave her some flowers ourselves, and would do it oftener, if it did not hurt poor Rachel's trade.' "

There is some pleasure in viewing human nature embellished by fiction: there is a pleasure in beholding man as he might be; but it is utterly disgusting to find such nonsense as the above, which depicts babies as they *cannot be*. See a similar instance at p. 116, vol. II.

We do not mean to enter the lists with Cœlebs upon religious topics.—The sentiments which are inculcated throughout the whole work are those of methodism, with all its vile cant, and all its holy perversion. Sometimes, indeed, the doctrines are purely antinomian, though much effort is employed to shew that true Christianity consists in a just mixture of faith and holiness. The different conversations which are introduced all tend to exalt the dogmas of the

methodists; and opposite characters and opposite opinions are *weakly* employed, that they may be triumphantly opposed and refuted by the sanctified family at Stanley Grove. Could we persuade ourselves that any interest or utility could arise from a minute discussion of these topics, we would not shrink from the task; but, persuaded as we are, that religious controversy can rarely ascend to a higher character than that of a mere logomachy, we shall abstain from it; but not without occasionally adverting to some of the tenets that are promulgated.

As we consider the delineation of abstract character among the peculiar merits of this work, we shall extract the following passage:

"Miss Sparkes, a neighbouring lady, whom the reputation of being a wit and an amazon, had kept single at the age of five and forty, though her person was not disagreeable, and her fortune was considerable, called in one morning while we were at breakfast. She is remarkable for her pretension to odd and opposite qualities. She is something of a scholar and a huntress, a politician and a farrier.—She outrides Mr. Flam, and outargues Mr. Tyrrel; excels in driving four in hand, and in canvassing at an election. She is always anxious about the party, but never about the candidate, in whom she requires no other merit but his being in the opposition, which she accepts as a pledge for all other merit. In her adoption of any talent, or her exercise of any quality, it is always sufficient recommendation to her that it is not feminine.

"From the window we saw her descend from her lofty phæton, and when she came in,

'The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,'

the loud voice, the intrepid look, the independent air, the whole deportment indicated a disposition, rather to confer protection than to accept it.

"She made an apology for her intrusion, by saying that her visit was rather to the stable than the breakfast-room. One of her horses was a little lame, and she wanted to consult Mr. Stanley's groom, who, it seems, was her oracle in that science, in which she herself is a professed adept.

"During her short visit, she laboured so sedulously, not to diminish by her conversation the character she was so desirous to establish, that her efforts defeated the end they aimed to secure. She was witty with all her might, and her sarcastic turn, for wit it was not, made little amends for her want of simplicity. I perceived that she was fond of the bold, the marvellous, and the incredible. She ventured to tell a story or two, so little within the verge of ordinary probability, that she risked her credit for veracity, without perhaps really violating truth. The credit acquired by such relations seldom pays the relater for the hazard run by the communication.

"As we fell into conversation, I observed the peculiarities of her character. She never sees any difficulties in any question. Whatever topic is started, while the rest of the company are hesitating as to the propriety of their determination, she alone is never at a loss. Her answer always follows the proposition, without a moment's interval for examination herself, or for allowing any other person a chance of delivering an opinion."

Though there is a little of *caricatura* in this, yet it is not wholly without truth: but what shall we say to the following discourse of love between Cœlebs and Lucilla?

"The more I conversed with Lucilla, the more I saw that good breeding in her was only the outward expression of humility, and not an art employed for the purpose of enabling her to do without it. We continued to converse on the subject of Miss Flam's fondness for the gay world.—This introduced a natural expression of my admiration of Miss Stanley's choice of pleasures and pursuits, so different from those of most other women of her age.

"With the most graceful modesty she said, 'Nothing humbles me more than compliments; for when I compare what I hear with what I feel, I find the picture of myself drawn by a flattering friend, so utterly unlike the original in my own heart, that I am more sunk by my own consciousness of the want of resemblance, than

elated that another has not discovered it. It makes me feel like an impostor. If I contradict this favourable opinion, I am afraid of being accused of affectation; and if I silently swallow it, I am contributing to the deceit of passing for what I am not.' This ingenuous mode of disclaiming flattery only raised her in my esteem, and the more, as I told her such humble renunciation of praise could only proceed from that inward principle of genuine piety and devout feeling, which made so amiable a part of her character.

" 'How little,' said she, 'is the human heart known except to him who made it! While a fellow creature may admire our apparent devotion, He, who appears to be its object, witnesses the wandering of the heart, which seems to be lifted up to him. He sees it roving to the ends of the earth, busied about any thing rather than himself; running after trifles which not only dishonour a Christian, but would disgrace a child. As to my very virtues, if I dare apply such a word to myself, they sometimes lose their character by not keeping their proper place. They become sins by intringing on higher duties. If I mean to perform an act of devotion, some crude plan of charity forces itself on my mind; and what with trying to drive out one, and to establish the other, I rise dissatisfied and unimproved, and resting my sole hope, not on the duty which I have been performing, but on the mercy which I have been offending.'

" I assured her, with all the simplicity of truth and all the sincerity of affection, that this confession only served to raise my opinion of the piety she disclaimed, that such deep consciousness of imperfection, so quick a discernment of the slightest deviation, and such constant vigilance to prevent it, were the truest indications of an humble spirit; and that those who thus carefully guarded themselves against small errors, were in little danger of being betrayed into great ones.

" She replied, smiling, that 'she should not be so angry with vanity, if it would be contented to keep its proper place among the vices; but her quarrel with it was, that it would mix itself with our virtues, and rob us of their reward.'

" 'Vanity, indeed,' replied I, 'differs from the other vices in this; *they* commonly are only opposite to the one contrary virtue, while this vice has a kind of ubiquity, is on the watch to intrude every where, and weakens all the virtues which it cannot destroy. I believe vanity was the harpy of the ancient poets, which they tell us tainted whatever it touched.'

' Self-deception is so easy,' replied Miss Stanley, 'that I am even afraid of highly extolling any good quality, lest I should sit down satisfied with having borne my testimony in its favour, and so rest contented with the praise instead of the practice. Commending a right thing is a cheap substitute for doing it, with which we are too apt to satisfy ourselves.'

" 'There is no mark,' I replied, 'which more clearly distinguishes that humility which has the love of God for its principle, from its counterfeit, a false and superficial politeness, than that, while this last flatters, in order to extort in return more praise than its due, humility, like the divine principle from which it springs, seeketh not even its own.' "

Heaven bless the man, (we say heaven, for this world can have no blessings for him) who could find pleasure in such "ingenuousness;" and heaven bless the lady who could not "silently *swallow*" the encomiums of her lover! We think this extract a pretty fair specimen of that intolerable cant of religion which is so conspicuous in the character of this female paragon: and which could no more be co-existent with those other qualities attributed to her, than cowardice and courage could be found in the same individual.

Cœlebs, who is a very knight errant in search of CONSISTENCY, is not, however, himself, consistent.—He, who is so accurately skilled in conserves, preserves, and comfits, affects to be ignorant of plain work, *as they call it*, (see p. 130, v. II.) — Surely it might be expected, that such a domestic, feline sort of animal as Cœlebs, would at least be nominally acquainted with all sutile operations; and who would have ex-

pected from such a pious, modest, well-spoken gentleman, a declaration like the following?

"For my own part, so far from saying with Hamlet, 'Man delights not me, nor woman neither,' I confess I have little delight in any thing else." —Vol. II. p. 146.

Oh for shame!

We have heard of a man who had such a predilection for corkscrew legs, that all his servants, male and female, were distinguished by that fascinating curve, which Hogarth has denominated the line of beauty. He was content to overlook every other failing, provided they had that one grand requisite; and thus it is with mankind in general, when they have habituated themselves to look for the *summum bonum* in any particular point. Thus also it is with Cœlebs, who considered religious strictness as the epitome of all human virtue and human acquirement. Were it otherwise he would certainly have felt ashamed for Lucilla, who, because it happened to be discovered that she knew Latin, was so confused that she popped the sugar into the cream-pot, and the tea into the sugar bason, and then slid out of the room, (v. II. p. 229). Had a school girl been detected in pocketing comfits from her mistress' store room, such confusion might have been allowable; but really in Miss Lucilla it seemed to us very silly.

We entirely agree with Cœlebs in the following observations upon the necessity of *mind* in a companion for life:—

"In our friends, even in our common acquaintance, do we not delight to associate with those whose pursuits have been similar to our own, and who have read the same books? How dull do we find it, when civility compels us to pass even a day with an illiterate man? Shall we not then delight in the kindred acquirements of a dearer friend? Shall we not rejoice in a companion who has drawn, though less copiously, perhaps, from the same rich sources with ourselves; who can relish the beauty we quote, and trace the allusion at which we hint? I do not mean that *learning* is absolutely necessary; but a man of taste, who has an ignorant wife, cannot, in her company, think his own thoughts, nor speak his own language; his thoughts he will suppress; his language he will debase, the one from hopelessness, the other from compassion. He must be continually lowering and diluting his meaning, in order to make himself intelligible.—This he will do for the woman he loves, but in doing it he will not be happy. She, who cannot be entertained by his conversation, will not be convinced by his reasoning; and, at length, he will find out, that it is less trouble to lower his own standard to hers, than to exhaust himself in the vain attempt to raise hers to his own."

That our readers may know a methodist when he meets him, (is it possible to mistake him?) the following are some of his marks:—

"Going to church in the afternoon, maintaining family prayer, not travelling, or giving great dinners or other entertainments on Sunday, rejoicing in the abolition of the slave trade, promoting the religious instruction of the poor at home, subscribing to the Bible Society, and contributing to establish Christianity abroad.—These, though the man attend no eccentric clergyman, hold no one enthusiastic doctrine, associate with no fanatic, is sober in his conversation, consistent in his practice, correct in his whole deportment, will infallibly fix on him the charge of methodism. Any *one* of these will excite suspicion, but all united will not fail absolutely to stigmatize him. The most devoted attachment to the establishment will avail him nothing, if not accompanied with a fiery intolerance towards all who differ. Without intolerance his charity is construed into unsoundness, and his candour into disaffection. He is accused of assimilating with the principles of every weak brother, whom, though his judgment compels him to blame, his candour forbids him to calumniate. Saint and hypocrite are now, in the scoffer's lexicon, become convertible terms; the last being always implied where the first is sneeringly used."

We think the following narrative is prettily told:—

"After tea, I observed the party in the saloon to be thinner than usual. Sir John and Lady Belfield having withdrawn to write letters; and that individual having quitted the room, whose presence would have reconciled me to the absence of all the rest, I stole out to take a solitary walk. At the distance of a quarter of a mile from the park gate, on a little common, I observed, for the first time, the smallest and the neatest cottage I ever beheld. There was a flourishing young orchard behind it, and a little court full of flowers in front. But I was particularly attracted by a beautiful rose tree in full blossom, which grew against the house, and almost covered the clean white walls. As I knew this sort of rose was a particular favourite of Lucilla's, I opened the low wicket which led into the little court, and looked about for some living creature, of whom I might have begged the flowers. But seeing no one, I ventured to gather a branch of the roses, and the door being open, walked into the house, in order to acknowledge my theft, and make my compensation. In vain I looked round the little neat kitchen; no one appeared.

"I was just going out, when the sound of a soft female voice over head arrested my attention. Impelled by a curiosity which, considering the rank of the inhabitants, I did not feel it necessary to resist, I softly stole up the narrow stairs, cautiously stooping as I ascended, the lowness of the ceiling not allowing me to walk upright. I stood still at the door of a little chamber, which was left half open to admit the air. I gently put my head through. What were my emotions when I saw Lucilla Stanley kneeling by the side of a little clean bed, a large old Bible spread open on the bed before her, out of which she was reading one of the penitential Psalms to a pale emaciated female figure, who lifted up her failing eyes, and clasped her female hands in solemn attention!

"Before two little bars, which served for a grate, knelt Phœbe, with one hand stirring some broth which she had brought from home, and with the other fanning with her straw bonnet the dying embers, in order to make the broth boil; yet seemingly attentive to her sister's reading. Her dishevelled hair, the deep flush which the fire, and her labour of love gave her naturally animated countenance, formed a fine contrast to the angelic tranquillity and calm devotion which sat on the face of Lucilla. Her voice was inexpressibly sweet and penetrating, while faith, hope, and charity seemed to beam from her fine uplifted eyes. On account of the closeness of the room, she had thrown off her hat, cloak, and gloves, and laid them on the bed, and her fine hair, which had escaped from its confinement, shaded that side of her face which was next the door, and prevented her seeing me.

"I scarcely dared to breathe lest I should interrupt such a scene. It was a subject not unworthy of Raphael. She next began to read the forty-first Psalm, with the meek yet solemn emphasis of devout feeling. 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor and the needy; the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.' Neither the poor woman nor myself could hold out any longer. She was overcome by her gratitude, and I by my admiration, and we both at the same moment involuntarily exclaimed, Amen! I sprang forward with a motion which I could no longer controul. Lucilla saw me, started up in confusion,

'and blush'd
Celestial rosy red.'

Then eagerly endeavouring to conceal the Bible, by drawing her hat over it, 'Phœbe,' said she, with all the composure she could assume, 'is the broth ready?' Phœbe, with her usual gaiety, called out to me to come and assist, which I did, but so unskilfully, that she chid me for my awkwardness.

"It was an interesting sight to see one of these blooming sisters lift the dying woman in her bed, and support her with her arm, while the other fed her, her own weak hand being unequal to the task. At that moment how little did the splendours and vanities of life appear in my eyes! and how ready was I to exclaim with Wolsey,

Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate you.

" When they had finished their pious office, I enquired if the poor woman had no attendant. Phœbe, who was generally the chief speaker, says, 'she has a good daughter, who is out at work by day, but takes care of her mother at night; but she is never left alone, for she has a little grand-daughter who attends her in the mean time; but as she is obliged to go once a day to the Grove to fetch provisions, we generally contrive to send her while we are here, that Dame Alice may never be left alone.'

" While we were talking, I heard a little weary step, painfully climbing up the stairs, and looked round, expecting to see the grand-daughter; but it was little Kate Stanley, with a lap full of dry sticks, which she had been collecting for the poor woman's fire. The sharp points of the sticks had forced their way in many places through the white muslin frock, part of which, together with her bonnet, she had left in the hedge which she had been robbing. At this loss she expressed not much concern, but lamented not a little that sticks were so scarce; that she feared the broth had been spoiled, from her being so long in picking them, but *indeed* she could not help it. I was pleased with these under allotments, these low degrees in the scale of charity."

The catastrophe, if it can be said to deserve that name, is very lamely produced. To find that Cœlebs and Lucilla have been educated from their infancy for each other, and that the fathers of both had digested and planned the whole procedure, is something so improbable, that the mind rejects it at once. They have, in fact, been fitted to each other like a lock and key.

That religion did not teach patience to our hero the following dialogue will evince. He cannot call it *love*, for love never yet was the inmate of a heart like his: his eagerness, therefore, seems to arise from a motive less honourable:—

" In conversing with Mr. Stanley on my happy prospects and my future plans, after having referred all concerns of a pecuniary nature to be settled between him and Sir John Belfield, I ventured to entreat that he would crown his goodness and my happiness, by allowing me to solicit his daughter for an early day.

" Mr. Stanley said, the term *early* was relative; but he was afraid that he should hardly consent to what I might consider even as a late one. 'In parting with such a child as Lucilla,' added he, 'some weaning time must be allowed to the tenderest of mothers. The most promising marriage, and surely none can promise more happiness than that to which we are looking, is a heavy trial to fond parents. To have trained a creature with anxious fondness, in hope of her repaying their solicitude hereafter by the charms of her society, and then as soon as she becomes capable of being a friend and companion to lose her for ever, is such a trial that I sometimes wonder at the seeming impatience of parents to get rid of a treasure of which they best know the value. The sadness which attends the consummation even of our dearest hopes on these occasions, is one striking instance of that *vanity of human wishes*, on which Juvenal and Johnson have so beautifully expatiated.

" 'A little delay indeed I shall require, from motives of prudence as well as fondness. Lucilla will not be nineteen these three months and more. You will not, I trust, think me unreasonable if I say, that neither her mother nor myself can consent to part with her before that period.'

" 'Three months!' exclaimed I, with more vehemence than politeness. 'Three months! It is impossible.'

" 'It is very possible,' said he, smiling, 'that you can wait, and very certain that we shall not consent sooner.'

" 'Have you any doubts, Sir,' said I, 'have you any objections which I can remove, and which, being removed, may abridge this long probation?'

" 'None,' said he, kindly. 'But I consider even nineteen as a very early age; too early indeed, were not my mind so completely at rest about you on the grand points of religion, morals, and temper, that no delay could, I trust, afford me additional security. You will, however, my dear Charles, find so much occupation in preparing your affairs, and your

mind for so important a change, that you will not find the time of absence so irksome as you fancy.'

" 'Absence, Sir?' replied I.—'What then, do you intend to banish me?'

" 'No,' replied he, smiling again. 'But I intend to send you *home*. A sentence indeed, which in this dissipated age is thought the worst sort of exile. You have now been absent six or seven months. This absence has been hitherto justifiable. It is time to return to your affairs, to your duties. Both the one and the other always slide into some disorder by a too long separation from the place of their legitimate exercise. Your steward will want inspection; your tenants may want redress; your poor always want assistance.'

" 'Seeing me look irresolute, 'I must, I find,' added he, with the kindest look and voice, 'be compelled to the inhospitable necessity of turning you of doors.'

" 'Live without Lucilla three months!' said I. 'Allow me, Sir, at least to remain a few weeks longer at the Grove.'

" 'Love is a bad calculator,' replied Mr. Stanley. 'I believe he never learnt arithmetic. Don't you know, that as you are enjoined a three months' banishment, that the sooner you go the sooner you will return?—And that however long your stay now is, your three months absence will still remain to be accomplished. To speak seriously: Lucilla's sense of propriety, as well as that of Mrs. Stanley, will not permit you to remain much longer under the same roof, now that the motive will become so notorious. Besides that, an act of self-denial is a good principle to set out upon, business and duties will fill up your active hours, and an intercourse of letters with her you so reluctantly quit will not only give an interest to your leisure, but put you both still more completely in possession of each other's character.'

" 'I will set out to-morrow, Sir,' said I, earnestly, 'in order to begin to hasten the day of my return.'

" 'Now you are as much too precipitate on the other side,' replied he. 'A few days, I think, may be permitted, without any offence to Lucilla's delicacy. This even her mother pleads for.'

" 'With what excellence will this blessed union give me an alliance!' replied I; 'I will go directly, and thank Mrs. Stanley for this goodness.' "

The episode of Lady Melbury is too much like a common novel to please. The first part of her story had just enough of fiction to give probability a zest; but her sudden conversion to methodism can please only a methodist, if a methodist can be a critic.

The work closes with a letter from Mr. Stanley to Cœlebs, explaining how he had been able to produce in Lucilla such a perfect acquiescence to his mode of thinking and of living.

Cœlebs is not without merit:—but its extraordinary sale may be accounted for upon the same principle as that of the Evangelical Magazine, or any antinomian tract. It finds purchasers among those the majority of whom would discard with pious indignation a Shakspeare or a Milton from their shelves. The *esprit du corps* explains the matter. Yet we would not be understood to insinuate that Cœlebs has no intrinsic claims to notice; for many of its conversation pieces are well managed, and many of its characters are well drawn.

From the pen of Miss Hannah More, however, we should have expected greater accuracy of language than we have found. In that respect, it is disgraceful to her: for we do not believe that so many instances of bad composition could be found in any work of common character. As the detection of some of these numerous errors may be useful to her, and to our readers, we will enter upon the unpleasant task of selecting them.

" That they may be, at the same time, more *knowing* and more useful than *has* always been," &c.—v. I. p. x.

" Those of Providence whose *under* agent she is."—p. 3.

" It gives an image of that tranquillity, smoothness, and quiet beauty, which *is* the very essence," &c.—p. 4.

These discords of the nominative and the verb are quite unpardonable.

Of the cant language of half-learned society the following are instances:

"The rest of the party were, in general, of quite a different *calibre*."—p. 40, v. I.

"The openness of his temper is giving way to *shabby* artifices."—127.

"We love them too tenderly to *crib* their little enjoyments," &c.—p. 178.

"She owes it to a *tact* so fine," &c.—p. 188.

"He never throws the *liturgical* service into the back ground."—202.

"Nay it is well if this *disoccupation* of the intellect," &c.—318.

"Some situation that is *unclerical*."—v. II. p. 7.

"My heart was *dilated*."—117.

"Trying to bring Lucilla on the *tapis*."—127.

"Degenerated into personal satire, *persiflage*," &c.—155.

"Her affairs are *delabrés*."—174.

"Fortunately, Lady Bell Finley, whom I had promised to *chaperon*," &c.—393.

Of these expressions the reader will perceive that some are of *no* language, some an affectation of the French idiom, and some an affectation of bad English. Nor can it be said, in extenuation, that they are given to individuals, with whose character they are consistent: for the greater part of them is to be found in the language of Mr. Stanley and Cœlebs himself. We will add a few more of a different nature.

"Occult mysteries"—"perspicuity and transparency of meaning."—v. I. p. 90.

These are vile tautologies.

"I endeavoured to turn all these new *acquaintances*," &c.—129.

Did Miss H. More ever hear her friend Dr. Johnson talk of his acquaintances?

"They are pursuing with *keen intenseness* the great objects," &c.

Tautology again.

"Though at your age I was *full as much in for it*."—288.

"As frankly as you used to do when you *was* a little girl."—333.

"Who, *falling foul* of every established institution."—v. II. p. 2.

Let it not be thought that this sort of verbal criticism is trifling. The aggregate excellence of composition consists of single perfections; and, in a writer of talents, such gross errors ought not to pass unreproved.

With the following laughable attempt at Johnsonian composition we conclude:—

"We have had *pleonasm* without *fullness*, and *facility* without *force*. *Redundancy* has been mistaken for *plenitude*, *flimsiness* for *ease*, and *distortion* for *energy*. An over desire of being natural has made the poet feeble; and the rage for being simple has sometimes made him silly. The *sensibility* is *sickly*, and the *elevation vertiginous!!!*"

The celebrity of these volumes has produced a work, entitled *Nubilia in Search of a Husband*, to which we shall pay our attention in the ensuing number.

BIDCOMBE HILL, *with other Rural Poems. By the Rev.* FRANCIS SKURRAY, *A. M. Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.* 1 vol. 8vo.

WE have read this volume with some degree of pleasure.—The principal poem from which the title is derived, is a descriptive one which contains some fluent versification and some pleasing descriptions. Of the smaller pieces we cannot say that they are all good. In the adoption of his language Mr. Skurray is not always happy, as in the use of the word *astounds* at p. 5, *scuds*, p. 7, &c. In the event of a second edition, we should be glad to find Mr. S. attending to these and some other instances of lax phraseology.

We were sorry to find our author vindicating the sports of the field, upon the plea of utility towards the poor animals thus hunted. It saves them, forsooth, from dying of old age, want, &c. This is a very inefficient cause for the destruction of animal life.

The following extract from Bidcombe Hill will afford a pleasing specimen of our author's manner:—

The young Matilda in her beauty's pride,
Inspir'd each bosom with the glow of love.
The hue of health blush'd on her dimpled cheek;
Joy and affection sparkled in her eye;
And the sweet modest smiles that beam'd without,
Proclaim'd the innocence that dwelt within.

Soon as the signal from the cottage cock*
Announc'd th' arrival of the dawning sun,
Up from her couch she rose to morning toil.
Heedless of ills, she sung her matin song,
Sweet as the music of the silvan choir,
Soft as the murmurs of the pebbled stream.
She only knew a widow'd mother's care;
No father's voice, nor wise-restraining hand
Check'd the wild wanderings of her erring steps.
When beauty charm'd, and wantonness allur'd,
Is it a wonder, if at length she drunk
Of pleasure's maddening bowl, and seized the joys
And the stolen raptures of illicit love?

Among the circle of the admiring train,
One youth alone by looks and words of love,
Gain'd the ascendant o'er her yielding heart.
Long did she cherish the delusive hope,
That he, her soul held dear, would seal the vow
Which Heaven had witness'd, and his friends approv'd,
And make her his before "the holy-man."
Day after day she vainly dreamt of joys,
And grasp'd at shades of fancied happiness.
No Albert comes to realize his vows,
And drive suspicion from her aching heart.
In the wild ravings of delirious grief,
Oft' would she call on her dear Albert's name,
By proofs of love to intercept despair,
And snatch her from the cavern of the tomb.
No Albert comes. Her kinsfolk and her friends
Run from the infectious couch, and tainted breath,
And like the herd, fly from the wounded stag.

All earthly comforts flown, she turns her eye
To heaven. To Him who is the orphan's friend
She prays, folding her hands in agony of soul.

Pleas'd at the change, the village priest attends,
And scatters benedictions round her bed.
She feels those comforts which the world refus'd;
She feels that hope of pardon, which *she* felt,
Who bath'd Christ's feet with penitential tears,
And wip'd them with the tresses of her hair.
Her languid pulse beats low—her hollow eyes
Sink in their sockets dim; with fault'ring tongue
She whispers Albert's name, and in a swoon
Expires.

On boist'rous waves her bark was launch'd,
To navigate the dubious course of life:
No faithful pilot govern'd at the helm,
To fly surrounding dangers, and to steer
Her erring vessel to its destin'd port.
Driv'n by the whirlwind, toss'd about with storms,
At length she founder'd in a sea of woes.
Who will not shed the tear of sympathy,
And mourn the wreck of innocence and love?
That blessed charity, which "all things hopes,"
Shall throw oblivion's veil o'er all her faults;
The passing traveller shall lament her doom;
Her Albert e'en shall weep, and virgins dress
With flowers the grave, where grief-worn beauty sleeps.

At a short distance from the hill I sing,
(Where join the cross roads) disregarded lie
The mangled* relics of a frantic maid
Who in the waters of the stagnant pool
Finish'd a life of agony and shame.
Her corse, dishonour'd by the lawless deed,
Was doom'd to lie in that sequester'd spot,
A warning to the way-worn passenger,
Ne'er to presume audaciously to snatch
From God's high power, the thunderbolt of fate.

What tho' no pomp funereal clos'd the scene,
No train of friends stood weeping o'er her bier;
The weeping willow (emblem of her fate)
Shall to the breezes sigh, and droop its head
In elegant simplicity of grief,
Over the sod, where lies the suicide.
'Tis said her spectre us'd to haunt the grove,
(With water dripping from her flowing hair)

* "*The cock's shrill clarion*, or the echoing horn
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed." GRAY.

* A stake is driven through the bodies of suicides who are buried in the highways.

Which seem'd with piteous looks t'implore the rites
Of sepulture. Some tender-hearted friend,
Amid the gloom of evening, mutter'd o'er
The service of the dead, and threw the dust,
Thrice scatter'd o'er her grave. Th' unhallow'd ground
Is sanctified, and lo! her spirit rests.

We think favourably of the *Pastoral Ballad* in imitation of Shenstone, which is not much inferior to the original. The volume is neatly printed and neatly embellished.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1808.

FAR from the smoke encompass'd town,
At evening-tide I lay me down,
On Wigmore's mouldering towers;
Or stretch'd supinely in the vale,
The cooling breeze of health inhale,
Or fragrance from the flowers.

Sometimes in high fantastic mood,
I roam the dark sequester'd wood,
Where Silence loves to dwell;
Where murmurs from the falling rill
The soul with nobler raptures fill,
To tune my simple shell.

Oft, too, when glooms involve the skies,
When clouds in grand convulsion rise,
Of black Herculean form;
I haste to some monastic height,
While phantoms wheel their sullen flight,
To view the winged storm.

But chiefly when the sprites of eve
In yonder spheres their garlands weave,
And all the air is mute;
I love to sit with Thought sublime,
To view the mighty wrecks of Time,
Or sound my plaintive lute.

But hark! from yonder ivy-tower,
Borne on the breeze, the length'ning hour
Swings down the brooklet sheen!
And see the glow worm's paly lamp,
Amid yon cavern's sickly damp,
Shines beauteously serene!

Beneath the hill's romantic fall,
Where grow the poplars green and tall,
Besides the labouring hind;
Fast by his cottage, neatly low,
Where flowers in rich profusion glow,
The stream is seen to wind.

Though Learning never rear'd her seat
Amid the charms of that retreat,
Nor Fancy plum'd her wing;
Though Science never knew the haunt,
Nor Fashion there was seen to flaunt,
Or Poet heard to sing;

Yet still my eyes, with rapture new,
Each simple feature loved to view,
The fragrant woodbine's shade—
The trees that wave their branches high—
The stream that gurgles softly by—
And flowers in rich parade.

There man, of contemplative mind,
To all the cant of learning blind,
May view th' Eternal source;
May trace the great Creator's pow'r
Impress'd on every opening flower,
That decks the streamlet's course!

He needs no self-important knave,
Adopting Newton's reasonings grave,
To prove th' Almighty Cause!
He sees the moon—the stars—the sun—
Each in its proper system run,
And hence conviction draws!

Oh Ignorance! envious is thy lot,
Blest with a little lowly cot,
Far from the sons of Care;
Where Flora decks the pregnant land,
With daisies pied and cowslips bland,
Or lilies sweetly fair.

Oh! had it been my happier fate,
Far from the ostentatious great,
To spend my studious hours;
Blest with a haunt of rustic mien,
Adorn'd with mantling ivy green,
And sweetly scented flowers;

I might have charm'd the wood-nymphs wild,
Or drowsy Pan himself beguil'd,
With *uncorrupted* shell!
And scorning all the tricks of Art,
Have seiz'd what Nature's works impart,
Where Nature's votaries dwell!

Or stole, at evening's holy tide,
Along the river's velvet side,
From babbling knaves retir'd;
Have watch'd the distant visions play,
Beneath the young moon's silver ray,
With heavenly themes inspir'd!

Yet mostly, SORROW, wou'd I rove,
Along with thee, yon devious grove,
When vulgar spirits sleep;
And o'er the dear delusive tomb,
Amid the night's religious gloom,
My usual vigil keep!

There Pensiveness, with drooping head,
Is seen at midnight hour to tread
The long remember'd walks;
And there, when Cynthia's modest beam,
Illumes the dull unsocial stream,
Ophelia's spirit stalks!

Wrapp'd in a fringed winding sheet,
Methinks I see her figure sweet
Glide past the grotto's gloom!
While troops of apparitions pale
Triumphant ride the noxious gale,
Associates of her tomb!

Oh Genius! thy prophetic spell
Has led me o'er the flames of hell,
Where foaming sinners lie!
Has rais'd to Heaven my buoyant soul,
Where silver-crested planets roll,
And red-wing'd meteors fly!

Methinks, dear spirit! thou hast prest
Thy witcheries on my youthful breast,
Each lingering hour to 'guile;
Ay! thou hast taught me oft to know,
That pleasure may result from woe,
And torture from a smile.

For, when disturb'd with biting grief,
I've found a world of sweet relief
In thy auspicious form!
Have rode with thee in fearful mood,
Beyond the polar solitude,
Where howls the fitful storm!

And when at night's impressive noon
I've waked to watch the tim'rous moon,
Yon azure mountain climb;
Have heard the chaunting, void of care,
Full many a wild seraphic air,
On Snowdon's cliff sublime!

Pleas'd with the deep sonorous strain,
I've wandered to some mould'ring fane
To spend the sacred hours;
Where ghosts in milk-white garb array'd,
Across the sounding vault parade,
Subservient to thy powers!

I've seen thee wrapp'd in musings wild,
With Shakspeare, Nature's noblest child,
On Avon's flowery shore;
Have mark'd thee rush with Milton far
Beyond the sullen arctic star,
And Ocean's depths explore!

With Gray, o'er Cambrian mountains high,
I've seen thee headlong hurrying fly,
Loud shrieking desperate woe;
Have heard thee smite the vaulted lyre
With fingers of ethereal fire,
To charm the fates below!

When young-ey'd Mirth, with naked charms,
Entic'd me to her circling arms,
That bound me to her breast,
Ay! in the height of heavenly bliss,
Delusion issued from her kiss,
By thee alone redress'd!

Thus, Genius, thy all-conquering power,
Can ease each solitary hour,
Or turn delight to pain!
Can bear me thro' the flaming skies,
Or bring before my ravish'd eyes
The reeking fields of slain!

Then while the sweets of Summer last,
Untainted by the noxious blast
Yon gathering clouds sustain,
At evening still thy scenes impart,
For much my wild enthusiast heart
Thy visions entertain!

Yet whatsoe'er thou dost unfold,
Let Virtue her dominion hold
Thro' each revolving line;
Yet curb not Fancy in her flight,
But with her sacred powers unite
Thy attributes divine.

With such compeers, thou godlike Pow'r!
Thou can'st amuse each dreary hour,
And picture scenes anew;
Join'd by the Nine's bewitching art,
Can'st soothe the bloody murderer's heart,
And Anger's rage subdue.

J. G.

Grafton-Street, Fitzroy-square,
June, 1809.

A Specimen of Kalmuc Poetry.

THE Lark, the cheerful harbinger of light,
On quiv'ring pinions hails th' opening day,
And, as he soars, dispels the silent night
With rapturous song, with heaven-inspired lay.

Alas! his song no comfort brings to me,
Sad recollection of my absent love,—
This little Cherub laughs at misery,
In Heaven's bosom plays on myrtle grove.

O happy they, who in Love's wedded bands
Their bodies and their souls together press'd:
My Father, brave as e'er trod desart sands,
My Mother, fair and yielding, both are blest.

O come my Love! nor let deceitful glow
Of bliss, not real, haunt my nightly dreams;
Life's but a day—O let's that day enjoy,
For short-liv'd bliss in its short passage swims.

Soon into deep Futurity we sink,
Uncertain if to happiness or woe;
Then come, my Love, the living substance drink,
And let our souls on earth at least some pleasure know.

R. H.

Written at HORLEY MILLS, *in* SURRY, *and most respectfully inscribed to its enlightened and hospitable Masters, the* MESSRS. CONSTABLE.

By CLIO RICKMAN.

IN early days my infant muse,
While wandering on the banks of Ouse,
Amid its scenery gay,
Enraptur'd eyed the distant hill,
And gave to lovely BARCOMBE MILL
The childish votive lay *.

Days ne'er forgot—days ever lov'd,
Tho' far away from these I've rov'd
To many a distant soil,
Still Memory recalls to view
The happy moments there I knew,
Unknown to care or guile.

And now, tho' years on years have flown,
And much experience I have known
Of Fortune's changeful wind,
Yet, still alive to joy or woe,
My bosom feels each thrilling glow,
Unchang'd is still my mind.

I doat on—reverence as in youth,
Nature, and Friendship, Love, and Truth,
Nor has a motley life,
In crowds, in cities, travel, spent,
Destroy'd my first and early bent
'Gainst noise, and pomp, and strife.

But still delighted do I rove,
At twilight hour, the lonely grove,
Where Philomel's loud song
Bursts trilling through the echoing dell;
Where flowers emit their fragrant smell
The Mill-stream's banks along.

Yes, redolent of early days,
The scenes around demand my lays,
And HORLEY MILLS renew;
Each latent feeling of those hours,
Which erst I spent in BARCOMB's bowers,
When all was bright and true.

The Floodgates' roar is dear to me,
The Mill-dam lin'd by many a tree,
Proud waving to the wind;
The village church which towards the skies,
See, 'bove yon distant woods arise,
The team and labouring hind.

The Common, skirted by the wood,
Where flocks wide straggling pick their food,
And gabbling geese parade;
The hedge-rows scatter'd trim and neat,
And just beyond the Cotter's seat,
Embosom'd in the shade.

O'ertopping these the distant Down,
Rising beyond the scarce seen town,
Adds grandeur to the sight;
The Lark, high mounted, sings on high,
Below the humbler songsters fly,
And tune their varied pipe.

Dear Objects! ever, ever dear!
Ye waken Memory's sweetest tear,
And give the past again;
Recal the days, when Fancy's child,
I rov'd amid such scenery wild,
And tun'd my *boyish* strain.

Hail HORLEY MILL!—dear is thy noise,
Reviving long-relinquish'd joys,
Now faintly heard, now still;
Awakening many a pensive thought,
By like delicious prospects taught,
On Avon's winding rill.

Hail to thy Masters! HORLEY MILLS!
Whose lot is cast beside thy rills,
Thy fields, and shades, to dwell;
May years of health and peace attend,
Ye! who are Truth's and Virtue's friend,
And Fortune use you well!

Here, having trac'd COLUMBIA'S land *,
Its government and manners scan'd,—
A country truly blest!—
May you in SURRY'S WEALDS improve,
Of LIBERTY the ardent love,
And teach it every breast.

And, to crown all, may Heaven send,—
Its chiefest good!—a Female Friend,
All that you can conceive;
For this is an immortal creed—
There is no PARADISE INDEED,
Unless it has an EVE!

Horley Mills, June 10th, 1809.

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* See Poetical Scraps, 2 vols.

* Mr. D. and W. Constable have lately made the tour of America, principally on foot,—a tour of about 9000 miles!

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. ANTHONY BERROLLAS'S, *(Denmark-street) for a Method of making infallible Repeating Watches.*

FIRST.—The outside of the watches here referred to, resembles that of common watches, except the pendent, which is mounted on a button consisting of two parts; of these the lower one does not move, and the upper one having an endless screw annexed to it, turns round and comes out to the extent of four turns, and is cut in four turns and a half. The upper part of the button being turned to the right, screws off from the lower part, and operating upon the hour rack, can be continued to be unscrewed, until it has struck the hour which the hand indicates, when it cannot be further unscrewed. The same part being afterwards screwed to the left, to bring it back again, to join the lower fixed part, operates upon the quarter rack, and quarters are struck in the same manner as the hours, until the one part is completely joined to the other.

Secondly. The movement of this watch is the same as that of a common watch, that is not a repeater. The wheel works are of the same height; which is not the case with common repeaters, in which the operation of striking being occasioned by a work in the movement composed of five wheels, five pinions, and a barrel and main spring, necessarily cause the movement wheels to be smaller, and this injures the solidity of the work, and augments the labour. The sort of escapement may be made according to fancy. The hammer which strikes the hours and quarters is the only additional piece which is in the frame of the movement, and which distinguishes the infallible repeating watch from a common watch, not a repeater.

Thirdly. The motion is composed of 3 principal parts; the first contains the hour rack, the second the quarter rack, the third the pendent and endless screw. The latter turning on itself ascends perpendicularly, and is kept in that direction by another piece, which performs two objects; for the interior forms the catch-work of the screw, whilst the exterior is fixed by two screws on the pillar plate.

In elucidation of the nature and superiority of his invention, Mr. B. observes:—

First,—That the old repeaters contain five wheels more than the common watches, beside five pinions and a barrel and main spring, which are all necessary to put the motion in action; they have also two hammers to distinguish hours from quarters. But the new repeater is composed of the common plain movement, and wheel-work, with the addition only of a hammer, which is placed in an insulated situation, having no communication whatever with the wheel work.

Secondly,—The old motions being so very complex, are in their nature liable to be out of order from the slightest cause, because the chain of the motion, which winds the main spring of the repeating work, is easily broken, by means of the pressure, its very structure, and its attendant friction: and, lastly, because the action of it depends upon the main spring and wheel work, the latter of which is apt to be disordered, and the former snaps and breaks of itself. Whereas the new motion acts in itself, and has no dependence on wheel-work or any other piece that is subject to be broken; an endless screw sets the two chief parts in motion, which produces the effect of striking the hours and the quarters; and all the other pieces are designed only as collateral support to the principal ones. Hence the simplicity of construction in the new repeater, and a diminution of expence.

Mr. ANDREW BROWN'S, *(London) for Improvements in the Construction of a Press, for printing Books and other Articles, part of which may be applied to Presses in common use.*

THESE improvements are on the press itself; on the use of barrels or cylinders for feeding the types with ink; and in the loose frisket and manner of using it. The press is made of cast iron, as is also the bed which must be accurately faced for the types to lie on. A follower gives pressure on the types, and is fixed to the screw. In using this press, the cast iron bed

slides out below the roller or cylinder, which revolves round and feeds the types with ink. It is covered with flannel, or any other elastic substance, and then is covered with parchment or vellum, or other proper materials to prevent the ink from soaking too far in, and likewise to give it a spring, and afterwards is covered with superfine woollen cloth, for the purpose of receiving the ink to supply the types. There is a large barrel or cylinder, and also a smaller one; the former having received the ink from the trough underneath it, the latter rolls on the other, and distributes or spreads out the ink on the face of it; or it may be necessary, with the small barrel or cylinder, occasionally to use a brush to distribute the ink, or lay the ink on the large barrel. The large barrel feeds the other with ink, and that revolves and feeds the types by the motion of the spindle, which moves the bed. Mr. B. is able to apply the barrels or cylinders, which he reckons his principal improvement, to presses now in common use, by means of a fly-wheel and traddle, which give motion to the two barrels or cylinders, and distribute the ink over the types, to feed them with ink either by the motion of the hand or fly-wheel, or by other methods well known to every mechanic.

FREDERICK BARTHOLOMEW FOLSCH *and* WILLIAM HOWARD'S, *(London) for a certain Machine, Instrument, or Pen, calculated to promote facility in Writing; and also a certain Black Writing Ink, or Composition, the Durability whereof is not to be affected by Time, or change of Climate.*

THE pen is made of glass, enamel, or other substance capable of admitting a bore; the point is small and finely polished, but the part above the point is large enough to hold as much or more ink than a common writing pen. The composition is a mixture of equal parts of Frankfort black and fresh butter, which is smeared over paper and rubbed off after a certain time. The paper thus smeared is to be pressed for some hours, taking care to have sheets of blotting paper between each of the sheets of black paper. When fit for use, the paper is put between sheets of this blackened paper, and the upper sheet is to be written on with common ink, with the glass or enamel pen. By this method not only the copy is obtained on which you write, but also two or more made by means of the blackened paper.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MESSRS. Allen and Pepys have laid before this learned body an account of a great number of experiments, made with a view of ascertaining the changes produced in atmospheric air and oxygen gas by respiration; from which they infer:—

1. That the quantity of carbonic acid gas emitted is exactly equal, bulk for bulk, to the oxygen consumed; and therefore there is no reason to conjecture, that any water is formed by a union of oxygen and hydrogen in the lungs.

2. Atmospheric air once entering the lungs returns charged with from 8 to 8½ per cent. carbonic acid gas, and when the contacts are repeated almost as frequently as possible only 10 per cent. is emitted.

3. It appears, that a middle-sized man, aged thirty-eight years, and whose pulse is seventy on an average, gives off 302 cubical inches of carbonic acid gas from his lungs in eleven minutes; and supposing the production uniform for twenty-four hours, the total quantity in that period would be 39,534 cubical inches, weighing 18,683 grains, the carbon in which is 5,363 grains, or rather more than 11 ounces troy: the oxygen consumed in the same time will be equal in volume to the carbonic acid gas. The quantity of carbonic acid gas, emitted in a given time, must depend much on the circumstances under which respiration is performed.

4. When respiration is attended with distressing circumstances, there is reason to conclude, that a portion of oxygen is absorbed: and as the oxygen

decreases in quantity, perception gradually ceases, and we may suppose, that life would be completely extinguished on the total abstraction of oxygen.

5. A larger proportion of carbonic acid gas is formed by the human subject from oxygen, than from atmospheric air.

6. An easy, natural inspiration is from 16 to 17 cubical inches, though this will differ in different subjects; and it is supposed, that the quantity of carbonic acid gas, given off in a perfectly natural respiration, ought to be reckoned at less than at a time when experiments are making on the human subject for the purpose, because in short inspirations the quantity of air, which has reached no farther than the fauces, trachea, &c. bears a much larger proportion to the whole mass required, than when the inspirations are deep.

7. No hydrogen, nor any other gas, appears to be evolved during the process of respiration.

8. The general average of the deficiency in the total amount of common air inspired, appears to be very small, amounting only to 6 parts in 1000.

9. The experiments upon oxygen gas prove, that the quantity of air remaining in the lungs, and its appendages is very considerable; and that without a reference to this circumstance, all experiments upon small quantities of gas are liable to inaccuracy.

Mr. Home has read a paper on the *Squalus Maximus*, stating some particulars of the dimension and conformation of the different basking sharks which have been thrown on shore, in the course of the last year. The author considers this species of shark as occupying an intermediate place between the mammalia, whales, and fishes, and partaking of the characters of both.

Captain Burney has stated some further particulars respecting the floating of heavy bodies in a stream, and the nature of their moving faster than the current. He seemed to consider the cause of all such motion to be owing to the pressure of the atmosphere.

Mr. Cavendish, on the methods of dividing mathematical instruments, has proposed to substitute a balance compass and microscope for Mr. Troughton's cylindrical ruler. The plan he offered, was illustrated by a drawing of the instrument, which effected the purpose without the necessity or risk of calculations, which almost always involves errors.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

MR. R. PORRETT has announced that he has succeeded in obtaining prussous (or sub-prussic) acid, an acid differing from prussic as sulphurous does from sulphuric acid, by containing less oxygen. It is a most delicate test of the presence of silver in solution, and has the singular property of precipitating iron of a red colour. It has completely proved the presence of oxygen in prussic acid; as by deoxygenating the latter, it becomes prussous acid, and on adding oxygen, it is again capable of affording a blue precipitate of iron.

A new process for hardening the surface of casts in plaister of Paris, has been laid before this Society. It consists in boiling the cast in a solution of one pound of alum in a pint of water for fifteen minutes, and then suffering it to dry gradually for about a month, by which it acquires a very considerable degree of hardness, so as to make it capable of receiving a polish by friction, and of thus resembling white marble. The surface of the cast thus prepared may be cleaned from time to time without injury to its sharpness.

The Duke of Norfolk has lately presented the gold medals and premiums annually given by the Society, to the respective candidates. The following were the principal prizes in Agriculture:—

To J. Christian Curwen, Esq. M.P. for planting in one year, 1,269,000 larches and other forest trees, the gold medal. To W. M. Thackeray, M D. for extensive plantations of ash, beech, chesnut, elm, and other forest trees, the gold medal. To William Congreve, Esq. for planting 74 acres of land with acorns and oaks, the gold medal. To Mr. William Salisbury, Brompton, for raising grass seeds, and preparing meadow land, the silver medal. To Charles Le Hardy, Esq.

for communications on the culture of parsnips, and their utility in feeding cattle, the silver medal. To the Rev. James Hall, for preparing from bean stalks a substitute for hemp, the silver medal. To Mr. William Lester, for a machine for washing potatoes and other esculent roots for feeding cattle, the silver medal. To Mr. William Salisbury, for a method of packing plants and trees, intended for exportation, so as to preserve their vegetative powers for many months, 20 guineas.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

On the Cultivation of the common Flax, as an ornamental Plant in the Flower-Garden. By Mr. John Dunbar, Gardener to Thomas Fairfax, Esq.

THE object of this paper, which the Society will perhaps honour with their attention, is to bring into cultivation, the *common flax*, as an ornament of the flower-garden, not merely as such, but with a view to the profit it will afford, at least to the servant, if not to the master. This plant when so cultivated, like wax and honey, forms part of the natural riches of a country, and if it could supplant the cumbersome yellow *lupine* in our flower borders, the annual revenue arising from it, would amount to several thousand pounds.

The soil of every flower-garden is always rich enough to produce good flax; but if it is loamy rather than sandy, the quantity will be nearly double even in the fields, which can never be cultivated with the nicety of a gentleman's garden. I have observed the greatest crops in a loamy soil, yielding also an article superior in quality as well as quantity; for, as the durability of the fibre depends in some measure upon its size, there can be no doubt the tall and vigorous plants are preferable to small ones.

There is no better way of disposing of this plant to render it exceedingly ornamental, than scattering it in random parcels, or little clumps, from ten to twenty plants, towards the back of the flower borders, and in the front of the shrubbery; for unless the summer proves amazingly dry, it will attain to the height of three or four feet. If a temporary edging, or summer screen is wanting for any particular bed, it may be also employed for this purpose.

The seeds of good flax are short, plump, thick, very oily, and of a bright brown colour. The best season for sowing them in most gardens, is Feb. or the beginning of March, when the general crop of hardy annuals are put in; but if the ground be sandy, and naturally dry, they should be sown in October or November. They require no more attention than is necessary to other flowers, which is keeping down all weeds while in the seed-leaf, with a hoe. As soon as the seed begins to ripen, and the plants turn yellow, pull the whole up by the roots, and lay it in bundles exposed to the full sun, if the weather is fine, to dry completely, then pull the heads off, and shake out the seeds; directly after, it must be laid to macerate in a ditch or pond, and kept under water by a long piece of timber floating upon it. If it takes above five days to perform this immersion, after the fifth, it must be examined daily, taking especial care that it does not lie too long. When the fibres are sufficiently macerated to separate kindly from one another, spread them out to dry upon a new mown meadow. When dry, it must again be collected into bundles, and either sent to the flax dresser, or prepared for spinning at home by the gardener's wife. In many districts this operation is well understood, and if carefully performed, homespun linen made from such *flax* will last twice the length of the time of the Irish linen, which is purchased at present in our shops.

I believe it is a great error to pull the flax so green as it is commonly practised, and still greater to soak it in water before it is previously dried; for the fibres require twice the time to macerate sufficiently for separation in the dressing; a process by which they are considerably weakened.

THE LITERARY FUND.

TO extend the utility of this Institution, and to impress the public mind with new sentiments of its importance, the council and the committee, have thought proper "*to interest the clergy in its behalf.*" A *new*

subscription is supposed to have been at the bottom of this project, and accordingly we find it has been resolved, we suppose provided the new subscriptions come in properly, "That a learned and officiating clergyman, in distress, or an officiating clergyman reduced and rendered incapable of duty, by age or infirmity, shall be considered as a claimant on the Literary Fund; and that a provision shall be made for such claim in the following manner:—

I. The influence of the Society shall be employed in promoting a subscription for this purpose; the produce to be denominated, "The Ecclesiastical Fund." Life subscriptions, and annual subscriptions to be disposed of in the same manner as the annual income and funded property of the Literary Fund: some permanent capital being necessary to prevent those cruel fluctuations and uncertainties incident to charities depending wholly on annual subscriptions. II. That the Society collectively and individually, shall endeavour to induce the English clergy universally to plead the just cause of their own order, by preaching occasionally (in rich and populous parishes once in every year), on this most useful and most important subject. Many of them are celebrated for their benevolent exertions to establish charities of inferior effect on public happiness. It is therefore impossible to suppose they will hesitate to assist their learned and labouring brethren, sinking into misery in the midst of public profusion and extravagance. The produce of their exertions will be deposited at the Literary Fund, in a special trust appointed by themselves, and (where there can be no patronage, intrigue, or flattery, to supersede merit) it shall be distributed by a special committee (appointed also by them). For every clergyman affording this assistance, as often as may suit his convenience, shall be entitled to all the privileges of a member of this Society, in the department of the Ecclesiastical Fund; in common with the subscribers and members, who in the peculiar difficulties of the institution have borne the burthen and heat of the day. III. That a committee consisting of seven clergymen and seven laymen shall be annually appointed, and be entitled the Ecclesiastical Committee. To preserve a uniformity and harmony in the whole institution, this committee must allow the inspection and assistance of the officers and visitors of the Literary Fund; in the same manner, and for the same purposes, as all other committees of the Society. IV. That, to prevent occasions of confusion and perplexity, the same trustees, registrers, treasurers, and servants, be appointed for all the property and business of the Society. V. That all the transactions, civil and ecclesiastical, of the Literary Fund, shall take place at the house of the Society, No. 36, Gerrard-street, Westminster, where the economy in behalf of distressed literature is so rigid and scrupulous, that the servants only receive compensations; where all the offices are executed gratuitously; and where even the resident visitor defrays all his own expences.

Some persons think the Literary Fund might extend their assistance to *learned clergymen*, without making any new arrangements or requests; and without most absurdly exposing the character of an indigent clergyman as an *Annual Pauper!*

WERNERIAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

MR. CHARLES STEWART has laid before the Society a list of insects found in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, with introductory remarks on the study of entomology; few of these insects are rare, or peculiar, though the list contains about four hundred species.

Count de Bournon's system of mineralogy, the first two volumes, 4to. with a volume of figures, were laid on the table, presented to the Society by the author.

The first and second parts of a description of the mineral strata of Clackmananshire, from the bed of the river Forth to the base of the Ochils, have been read, illustrated by a voluminous and very distinct plan or section of those strata, done from actual survey; and from the register of the borings and workings for coal in Mr. Erskine, of Mar's estate, in that district, communicated by Mr. Robert

Bald, civil engineer at Alloa. His second part gave a very particular account of two very remarkable *slips* or *shafts* in the strata, near 1000 feet in depth, by means of which the main coal-field of the country is divided into three fields, on all which, extensive collieries have been erected.

Mr. P. Walker stated a curious fact in the history of the common eel. A number of eels, old and young, were found in a subterranean pool at the bottom of an old quarry, which had been filled up, and its surface ploughed and cropped upwards of twelve years since.

The secretary read a letter from the Rev. Mr. Maclean, of Small Isles, mentioning the appearance of a vast sea snake, between seventy and eighty feet long, among the Hebrides in June 1808. The same gentleman produced a list of about 100 herbaceous plants, and 200 cryptogamia, found in the King's Park, Edinburgh, and not enumerated as growing there, in Mr. Yalden's catalogue of plants. This list had been communicated to the secretary by Mr. G. Don, of Forfar, late superintendant of the Royal Botanic Garden at Edinburgh.

FRENCH NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

MESSRS. Gay, Lusac, and Thenard, have described their method of decomposing the boracic acid, by putting equal parts of potassium and pure vitreous boracic acid into a copper tube, to which a bent glass tube was fitted. The copper tube was placed in a small furnace, and the extremity of the glass tube plunged into a bason of quicksilver. As soon as the temperature was raised to 150°, (Reaumur, we presume) the mixture became suddenly red, much heat was produced, the glass broken, and almost the whole of the air in the apparatus was driven out with great force. Atmospheric air only was disengaged and a few bubbles of hydrogen. Almost all the potassium disappeared, though it only decomposed a part of the acid. These substances were changed by their reciprocal action into an olive grey substance, which is a compound of pot-ash and of the basis of boracic acid. The boracic radical was separated from it by washing it with hot or cold water. That which does not dissolve is the radical itself, which possesses the following properties:—this radical is greenish brown; fixed and insoluble in water. It has no taste, nor any action on tincture of litmus, or on syrup of violets. Being mixed with oxymuriate of pot-ash, or nitrate of pot-ash, and projected into a red-hot crucible, it entered into vivid combustion, of which the boracic acid was one of the products. The most curious and most important of all the phenomena produced by the boracic radical when placed in contact with other bodies, are those that it presents with oxygen. When four grains and a half of boracic radical, were projected into a silver crucible covered with a jar, containing a little more than a quart of oxygen, and the whole placed over quicksilver, a most rapid combustion took place, and the quicksilver rose to about the middle of the jar. The boracic radical exhibits the same phenomena with airs as with oxygen, only that the combustion is less rapid. Hence it follows, that the boracic acid is composed of oxygen, and a combustible body: and that this substance is of a peculiar nature, and ought to be classed with phosphorus, carbon, and sulphur. It requires a great quantity of oxygen to change it into boracic acid, and it previously passes into the state of a black oxyde.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

SIR Joseph Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty of Ireland, will shortly oblige the curious with Historic Anecdotes and Secret Memoirs of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland. They will comprise a view of Irish Affairs from 1780, particularly of the Union, traced from its most remote causes to those of its final completion;

the interesting era of the volunteerss and the rebellion, interspersed with characters and anecdotes never before published. The work will be embellished with a great number of portraits of distinguished characters both of England and Ireland, all engraved by Heath, from original paintings or drawings, with *fac similes* of letters and other curious documents.

Mr. Bowyer has lately issued a Prospectus for publishing the remaining parts of his Collection, relative to Egypt, Caramania, and Palestine. The present work will consist of views of Turkey in Europe, including Bulgaria, Romania, Wallachia, Syria, the Islands in the Archipelago, and a correct representation of the celebrated Temple of Jupiter Ammon, at Scivah, in the Desarts of Lybia, discovered in 1792; some interesting delineations of the Ruins of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; a large and accurate View of Constantinople and its environs, comprising many views in countries of which there are no drawings extant.

Mr. Williamson, of the Inner Temple, has a Treatise ready for publication, entitled A Companion and Guide to the Laws of England. This work comprises the most useful and interesting heads of the laws, viz. the whole law relating to parish matters, bills of exchange and promissory notes, wills, executors, landlord and tenant, trade, nuisances, master and servant, jurors, carriers, bankruptcy, apprentices, gaming, &c. &c.

A Dane's Excursion in Britain, to consist of two or three small octavo volumes, is preparing for the press, by Mr. Anderson, author of the Tour in Zealand.

J. P. Wood, Esq. is preparing a new and revised edition of the Peerage of Scotland, by Sir Robert Douglas, of Glenbervie, continued to the present time. The first edition, published in 1764, has now become excessively scarce; on that account, and to record the alterations that have taken place among the noble families since that period, it is presumed is a sufficient apology for the present undertaking.

A lady, not unknown to the fashionable as well as literary world, is about to publish a novel of a superior description, it is reported, to the generality of such works. The subject, which is historical, is highly interesting, and precepts of a moral tendency are said to be very ingeniously interwoven with the narrative. It is to be entitled "The Husband and Lover."

Mr. G. Dyer, who has relinquished the idea of continuing his inquisition into the state of the public libraries in the country, is employed in preparing for the press, a complete edition of his Poetical Writings, in four vols. duodecimo, to be published by subscription.

The Dramatic Works of John Ford, are in the press, with an introduction and explanatory notes, by Henry Weber, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

Miss A. M. Porter will shortly present to the world a novel entitled Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza, in four volumes.

Messrs. Rees and Curtis, booksellers, of Plymouth, have announced a new edition of Prince's Worthies of Devonshire.

A new edition is printing in 10 vols. foolscap 8vo. of the Novels and Miscellaneous Works of Daniel De Foe.

A New Life of Torquato Tasso is said to be in forwardness; containing his letters, and illustrations of his writings, and also memoirs of some of his contemporaries.

A Life of the late patriotic and classical Earl of Charlemont, engages Mr. Francis Hardy, who will introduce, in the course of it, a view of the affairs of Ireland during a very interesting and important period.

Mr. Walter Nicol, designer of gardens, hot-houses, &c. author of the Forcing Fruit and Kitchen Gardener, the Practical Planter, &c. has in the press a work entitled, The Villa Garden Directory, or Monthly Index of Works done in Town and Villa Gardens, Shrubberies and Parterres; with hints on the treatment of shrubs and flowers usually kept in the green-room, the lobby, and the drawing-room.

Benwell has in the press a new edition of Xenophon's Memorabilia; to which it is intended to add, Socratis Apologia, and the notes of the last edition of Schereider, omitting the latin version.

Sir George Stewart Mackenzie, of Coul, Bart. has in the Press a Treatise on the Diseases and Management of Sheep, with introductory remarks on the anatomical structure, and an appendix containing documents, exhibiting the value of the Merino breed, and their progress in Scotland.

Splendid editions of Mr. Scott's Poems of Marmion, and the Lay of the Last Minstrel, with embellishments from the pencil of Westall, will be published in a few weeks.

Mr. Fenton designs to publish a series of Tours through North and South Wales, which are to be embellished with views of the principal seats and ruins scattered through that principality; which are generally to be drawn by Sir R. C. Hoare. The first of these (a tour through Pembrokeshire) will soon appear in a quarto volume.

Fuller's Worthies, Purchase's Pilgrims, and Hakluyt's Voyages, will be shortly republished.

Dr. Burney is engaged (for the use principally of young men designed as officers in the navy) on a System of Nautical Education.

Miss Starke will shortly publish an elegant little volume, containing some beautiful translations from the Italian of Carlo Maria Maggi.

In the press, Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Wardle, with an improved likeness in chalk; including Thoughts on the State of the Nation, and the final issue of the present critical juncture: with the public spirit of 1809, as displayed in the various patriotic proceedings throughout the empire; and enumerating those gentlemen who were most conspicuous in voting thanks to Mr. Wardle, &c. excited by his inquiry into the conduct of the late Commander-in Chief. By W. Hamilton Reid.

Mr. Francis Baily has in the press, a continuation of his Treatise on the Doctrine of Interest and Annuities, a work, which will comprise the whole doctrine of life annuities and assurances. The author proposes to exhibit a more complete analysis of this science than has ever yet been given. He has deduced a more correct set of formulæ, as well as more simple and easy rules for the solution of the various problems connected with this subject. An account of the several insurance companies now existing, with remarks on their comparative advantages, &c. will likewise appear in the course of the work.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

Mr. Bisset, of Birmingham, has produced an elegant medal of L. G. Wardle, Esq. M.P. with accompanying mottos.

The monument intended to be raised to perpetuate the immortal memory of the celebrated John Locke, it is said, begins to meet with considerable encouragement from noblemen and gentlemen of the first distinction. The admirers of that great and good man have still an opportunity of contributing towards the completion of this national object. The efforts of Mr. Locke, which have so considerably enlarged the happiness and dignity of the human mind, surely cannot remain even apparently neglected. Every subscriber of two guineas and upwards, will be presented with an engraving of the monument; and subscribers of five guineas will receive a medal, with the head of Locke on one side, and on the reverse an exact representation of the monument. To subscribers of ten guineas, a similar medal will be presented in silver.

To prevent the effects of poison of lead, the physicians and surgeons of the Bath Hospital have ordered the following cautions, to be made public, to be observed particularly by printers or compositors, plumbers, glaziers, painters, and other artificers:—"To maintain the strictest temperance, respecting distilled spirits, which had better be altogether forborne. To pay the strictest attention to cleanliness; and never, when it can be avoided, to daub their hands with paint; and particularly never to eat their meals, or go to rest, without washing their hands and face. Not to eat or drink in the room or place wherein they work, and much less to suffer any food or drink to remain exposed to the fumes or dust of the metal, in the rooms or warehouses. As the clothes of persons in this line (painters particularly) are generally observed to be much soiled with colours they use, it is recommended to them to perform

their work in frocks of ticking, which may be frequently washed, and conveniently laid aside, when the workmen go to their meals, and again put on when they resume their work. Every business which can, in these branches, should be performed with gloves on the hands; and woollen or worsted gloves are recommended, as they may be often washed, as they should always be after being soiled with paint, or even by much rubbing against the metal. Caution is necessary in mixing, or even in unpacking, the dry colorus, that the fine powder does not get into their mouths, or be drawn in by the breath. A crape covering over the face might be of service, but care should be taken to turn always the same side towards the face, and to clean or wash it frequently. All artificers should avoid touching lead when hot; and this caution is especially necessary for printers or compositors, who have often lost the use of their limbs by handling the types when drying by the fire, after being washed. Glaziers' putty should never be made or moulded by the hand. An iron pestle and mortar would work the ingredients together, at least equally well, and without hazard. If any person, in any of the above employments, should feel pain in the bowels, with costiveness, they should immediately take twenty drops of laudanum, and when the pain is abated, two table spoonfuls of castor oil, or an ounce of the bitter purging salt, dissolved in warm camomile tea. If this does not succeed, a pint, or two pints, of warm soap suds should be thrown up as a clyster. As a preventive, two or three tea-spoonfuls of sallad oil, taken in a small cup of gruel, are likely to be of service, if taken daily and steadily pursued.

A threshing machine has been invented by a blacksmith at Nutthury, in West Lothian, Scotland. The draught of the horses and the movement of the machine, are made equal by a rope and rollers, which makes the machine equivalent to one driven by water.

Precaution.—A correspondent recommends the taking of a tea-spoonful of Peruvian bark, or Rhatany-root, in a tea cup full of milk, as a useful and salutary preventive from the damp and pernicious effects which rains may occasion; to be persevered in for twelve mornings fasting.

Our late improvements in Horticulture, have furnished the tables of the higher orders with three new seeds, viz. 1. A new enormous coss lettuce, which grows 18 inches high, and above two feet round. It is far sweeter, crisper, and whiter than any former sort; it grows rapidly, turns in soon, and is almost all heart. 2. A new purple brocoli, of equal superiority; its heads are as large as a cauliflower; it stands low, and grows very quick; its flavour is most delicious, and its colour, when on table, captivating. 3. A new eastern cucumber, which brings wonderful frpit, often nearly two feet long, strait, and finely shaped, of the deepest green, and its flavour is rich beyond description.

In the agricultural communications by the Cork Institution, there is, among other articles, a very important one from the Earl of Shannon, stating the expence and produce of three acres of hemp at Castlemartyr, by which his lordship had a clear profit of 100*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

On Coffers, Rockets, Infernals, Fire Devils, Catamarans, &c. From the Naval Chronicle.—The construction of the famous or, rather infamous coffers, is so well understood throughout the country, that any attempt to describe them here would be highly superfluous; but it may not be equally well known, that the sub-marine bomb, or coffer, was first used as a resource by the Americans, at a time when their coasts were exposed to wanton depredations from any frigate that chose to anchor in their rivers; and that, even under those circumstances, they have never been openly justified. The first allusion to them by Lord Stanhope, in parliament, was received with horror and derision, though the man who afterwards was cherished in England, was at that time on his road to Paris. On the arrival of this notable projector in that capital, he is said instantly to have submitted to the minister of marine the following proposal:—that provided he were assisted by two privateers and fifty resolute men, he would engage to destroy in a few nights the

largest fleet that ever lay at Spithead, and that too with scarcely a shadow of danger to the persons employed. He then proceeded to develope his plan, which, according to his declaration, would enable any *one* brave man *(ruffian)* at little or no hazard, under cover of night, so to place his submarine bomb, or coffer, as to insure the blowing up into fragments the crew and hull of the largest ship that ever floated! How base! how horrible! how revolting is such a proposal to every noble principle in our nature! Eight hundred brave men buried in sleep, hurled to eternity, by *one* crafty murderous ruffian! No wonder that Décres, a man who has the credit of having fought an action that covered him with glory, turned shuddering with horror from the proposal. It is said, that no sooner had he heard it, than quitting the apartment, he angrily uttered this memorable reply, "Go, Sir, your genius to the Algerines may be acceptable, but now learn, that France has not yet abandoned the ocean."

It would certainly be matter of curious inquiry, were it possible to develope the hidden springs which actuated the decisions of men filling high and responsible offices in different kingdoms. In this particular case, we see the first, or rather sole Lord of the Admiralty in France, (where we might reasonably imagine that every project for the destruction of maritime establishments would be readily embraced) turning with just indignation from the very identical invention, that is received by the English admiralty with joy and exultation. Good God! from what does this proceed? Surely not from a deficiency of humanity? Yet when we see men obviously go out of their way, stooping from their lofty station to superintend the construction of such detestable machines, what are we to infer? Is it not still in the memory of every one, that even the great mind of Mr. Pitt, while gorged with power, was employed in bringing to perfection, these murderous machines? Will it ever be forgotten that delicate and noble families were assembled at Deal to witness the experimental effects of these frightful explosions? Well might the astonished tar exclaim, "*Guy For it get afloat!*" and well might serious men reflect on all that has been urged against the employment of incendiaries; and with all due deference to the patriotism of Mr. Pitt, it will surely admit of a query, whether the energy of his eloquence would not have been heard dooming to execration any similar scheme for blowing up him and his relatives in the Castle of Walmer. If the patronage of such machines does in reality emanate from the admiralty, and not as some surmise from higher authority, then the inhumanity and impolicy of the adoption are still more extraordinary; for it is scarcely to be credited, that the naval lords, at least, should give their assent to such practices. Lord Mulgrave, the first commissioner, is said to be a man of humanity, and those selected from the navy stand high in the profession; here then at once is a majority, and yet we see these practices continued; not only continued, but, if reports may be credited, considerably extended. Scarcely had the impracticability of the coffer war been apparently demonstrated, than the ardent minds of our schemers were directed to rockets; with these weapons, it has been contended, a common trawl-boat might be made superior in power to the largest opponent; for that, by discharging flights into the sails or hull of her antagonist, in spite of her seamen's exertions, she must shortly be reduced to ashes! But coffers and rockets, bad as they are, are nothing to what may be expected: a vast current of genius is now directed to the practicability of destroying powerful ships in every direction, which of course will no sooner be brought to perfection, than be adopted by the enemy. All that have yet appeared are but mere *runners* from the *great fleet* of inventions now on its passage. As to explosion craft, they are nothing new; with the French they are infernals, as well as coffers, and naturally expected by a nation that accuses us of employing them in the streets of Paris. Noah's ark, it has been said, never contained such a diversity of forms and natures, as the fleet alluded to will offer. Water worms and fire devils are among them; in fact it seems all the elements have been put in a state of strict re-

quisition. Thunder and lightning are mere playthings in the hands of these modern Joves: even winds and tides, formerly the friends of the seaman, are now to be combined for his destruction, and no one on earth can tell where this astonishing infatuation will end. But if conjecture may be attended to, a great revolution is about to take place in maritime skill and machinery. Battles in future may be fought under water: our invincible ships of the line may give place to horrible and unknown structures, our frigates to catamarans, our pilots to divers, our hardy, dauntless tars, to sub-marine *assassins*, coffers, rockets, catamarans, infernals, water worms, and fire devils. How honourable! how fascinating is such an enumeration! how glorious, how fortunate for Britain are discoveries like these! How worthy of being adopted by a people, made wanton by naval victories, whose empire are the seas.

France.

The perusal of the report by Messrs. Fourcroy, Deyeux, and Vauquelin, on a Memoir of M. Berthollet jun. entitled, "Inquiries concerning the reciprocal Action of Sulphur and Charcoal," has induced Dr. John New to publish an opinion, which he has for some years entertained, that charcoal and hydrogen are modifications of one and the same substance, or that hydrogen is the base of charcoal. Should this opinion, the result various experiments and observations, be confirmed, an important and extensive field will be opened to the scientific world. The pabulum of plants, and the origin of that immense quantity of carbonaceous matter, annually produced in the vegetable kingdom, would thus easily and satisfactorily be accounted for, as originating from water alone.

Holland.

In the late inundations near Loenen, in the district of the Upper Betewe, was discovered the right hip-bone of an elephant, measuring from the *os pubis*, to the end of the hip, three feet and a half (Rhynland measure) of which a drawing was taken on the spot, by the scientific Mr. H. Hoogens. A double tooth, together with some other bones, belonging to that species of animal have been found on the same spot.

A curious and genuine specimen of the labours of Laurens Jansz, commonly called Laurens Coster, the original inventor of the art of printing, was advertised to be sold by auction on the 20th of April last, by Haak, bookseller, of Leyden. This valuable piece of antiquity consists of a wooden printing form, in excellent perservation. It is about three inches long, two inches broad, and three quarters of an inch thick; upon which an entire page of a Latin Horarium has been cut in inverted characters. At the same time was to be disposed of, a genealogical table, written upon very old parchment, but perfectly legible, of the progeny of Laurens, by whom it seems this document has been preserved since the 15th century, and handed down to each succeeding generation. This genealogy commences with the daughter of Laurens Coster, who published the first printed impression in 1441, and closes with her descendants about the year 1585.

Italy.

At the villa of the Count Moroni, near Rome, were lately discovered the tombs of the ancient Roman families of the Manlii. They were found to contain two statues, five busts of an urn, all in tolerable preservation, and distinguished by the name of Manlius. Two skeletons dug up at the feet of these statues, still had rings upon their fingers. Close to the skeleton of a female, named Agathonia, were found the shell of an egg, an oil bottle, a broken mirror, and a lamp. Upon this lamp was represented Tarquin, carrying a dagger in his hand, at the moment he was going to violate Lucretia. Baron Hasselin, minister from the King of Bavaria, to the Holy See, has purchased these valuable relics, which are at least two thousand years old.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

The late Mr. RICHARD GOUGH, *the Antiquary.*

RICHARD, son and heir to Harry Gough, Esq. fifth son of Sir Harry Gough, of Perry-hall, Staffordshire, was born October 21, 1735, in a large house in Winchester-street, London, on the scite of the monastery of Austin Friars, founded by Humfry de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, 1253; and received the first rudiments of Latin under the tuition of —— Barnewitz, a Courlander, who taught at the same time the sons of several eminent merchants in the city. On his death, he was committed to the instruction of the Rev. Roger Pickering, one of the most learned, most imprudent, and most ill-treated, of the dissenting ministers of his time; having received his education at Trinity college, Cambridge, but by an injudicious early marriage he forewent many advantages, and quitting the establishment did not improve his situation. On his death, May 18, 1755, Mr. Gough finished his Greek studies under Mr. Samuel Dyer, the friend of Johnson, and contemporary literary characters. On the death of his father, he was admitted, July 1752, fellow commoner of Bene't college, Cambridge, where his relations, Sir Henry Gough and his brother John, had before studied under Dr. Mawson, afterwards Bishop of Chichester and Ely. The college tutor, 1752, was Dr. John Barnadiston, afterwards master, who married a niece to the widow of the celebrated Dr. Conyers Middleton, and died 1778, leaving an only daughter, since married to the Rev. Mr. Yates, son of Dr. Yates, rector of Solihull, county of Warwick, where his son is now resident and curate. His private tutor was the Rev. John Cott, fellow of the house, son to the town-clerk of Lynne, and afterwards rector of Broxted, Essex, where he died 1781, having married a niece of the late Dr. Keene, Bishop of Chester. Under the private tuition of the three excellent scholars before mentioned, Mr. Gough early imbibed a taste for classical literature and antiquities; and it is not to be wondered that his connection with a college, eminent for producing a succession of British Antiquaries, inspired him with a strong propensity to the study of our national antiquities.—Here was first planned the British Topography, published in 1768, in one 4to. volume, improved in two of the same size 1780, and since augmented to a third, and ready for the press. From Cambridge he made his first excursion to Croyland and Peterborough; and continued these pursuits every year to various parts of the kingdom, taking notes, which, on his return, were digested into a form, which furnished materials for the new edition of Camden's Britannia, the result of twenty years excursions. In 1767, he was elected fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London; and, by the partiality of the late worthy president, Dr. Mjlles, Dean of Exeter, was, on the death of Dr. Gregory Sharpe, master of the Temple, nominated director of the same society, 1771; which office he held till December 12, 1797, when he quitted the society altogether. He was chosen fellow of the Royal Society of London, 1775; but quitted that society in 1795.

He drew up the history of the Society of Antiquaries of London, prefixed to the first volume of their Archæologia, 1770; and in the succeeding volumes of that collection, whose publication he superintended, are various articles drawn up, or communicated, by him. Accounts of several plates in the "Vetusta Monumenta" of the same society bear his signature.

He opened a correspondence with the Gentleman's Magazine in 1767; and, on the death of his fellow-collegian Mr. Duncombe, 1786, he occasionally communicated reviews of literary publications to that valuable miscellany. If he criticised with warmth and severity certain innovations attempted in church and state, he wrote his sentiments with sincerity and impartiality, in the fulness of a heart deeply impressed with a sense of the excellence and happiness of the English constitution both in church and state.

In 1773, he formed a design of a new edition of Camden's Britannia; which he was seven years translating and printing, and which was published in three volumes, folio, 1789.

Being on a visit at Poole, and hearing of the difficulties under which Mr. Hutchins laboured respecting his History of Dorset, he set on foot a subscription, and was the means of bringing into light a most valuable County History, which he superintended through the press, whence it issued in two vols. folio, 1774. Its author did not live to see it completed; but his daughter having been enabled to proceed to Bombay, and form a happy connection with a gentleman to whom she had long been engaged, General Bellasis, in grateful return to the memory of his father-in-law, at his own expense set on foot a new edition of the History of Dorset, and Mr. Gough contributed his assistance to this second edition twenty years after the first. Except Thomas's republication of Dugdale's Warwickshire, and the paltry republications of Burton's Leicestershire and Philpot's Kent by Whittingham of Lynne, and Thoroton's Nottinghamshire by Throsby, not much superior, this is the first instance of a County History attaining a second edition.

Having purchased the collections of Mr. T. Martin, he put out an improved "History of Thetford, 1779," 4to. with plates, from views taken by Capt. Grose, who accompanied him in the snowy season, 1778. Having also purchased the plates of the medals, coins, and great seals, executed by the celebrated Simon, and first published by Vertue, 1753, he gave a new and enlarged edition of them, 1780. He assisted Mr. Nichols in his "Collection of Royal and Noble Wills 1780;" and wrote the preface. He superintended the printing of Dr. Nash's "Collections for a History of Worcestershire," in two vols. folio, 1781; a short supplement to which has since been published.

In 1786, he published the first volume of the Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain, in a splendid folio; in 1796 the second; and in 1799, the introduction, which completes the work. In 1794, he published an account of the beautiful Missal presented to Henry VI. by the Duchess of Bedford, which Mr. Edwards, bookseller in Pall-Mall, purchased at the Duchess of Portland's sale, and still possesses.

In Mr. Nichols's "Bibliotheca Topographica," the design of which he both suggested and forwarded, several essays bear his name, and he assisted in the copious, well-digested, and accurate "History of Leicestershire;" undertaken and conducted with a perseverance which would baffle common county historians.

Young as Mr. Gough was at his father's death, being only 16, his first care was to establish a noble library. To him the well-stored shop of Tom Payne at the Mews'-gate, and the auction rooms of the two *Sams*, Baker and Paterson, had beauties transcendently beyond all the alluring scenes of dissipation.

In August 1774, he married Anne, the daughter of Thomas Hall, Esq. of Golding, Herts, having just before by the death of his mother come into full possession of the house at Enfield, with the large estate bequeathed him by his father. Mr. Gough was a pleasant and easy companion, condescending to all, and to the poor, a father, friend, and protector. His Sepulchral Monuments alone, to pass over his inferior works, were sufficient to perpetuate his fame as a writer; but in this he received much assistance from several great men and connossieurs. To effect a second edition of this work, and to obtain an ample store of additional drawings by the first artists, he spared neither trouble or expense.

From a long and severe illness which was his last, Mr. Gough was released without an apparent struggle on the 20th of Feb. 1809, and was buried on the 28th, in the church yard of Wormley, Herts, which church he had devoutly frequented several years.

By his last will, Mr. Gough has given to the University of Oxford, all his printed books and manuscripts on Saxon and Northern Literature, for the use of the Saxon Professor. What relates to British Topography, with fourteen volumes of Sepul-

chral and other Monuments in France, are to be placed in the Bodleian Library, in a building adjoining the picture gallery, called The Antiquarian's Closet. To Mr. Nichols he has left his interleaved set of the Gentleman's Magazine, and that of the Anecdotes of Mr. Bowyer, with 1000*l.* in money, and to his six daughters 100*l.* each. His legacies exceeding 30,000*l.* are all to be paid without deduction for the stamps. For Mrs. Gough who survives him, a life interest is secured in the whole of his property.

Among the annuities he has left, one reflects the highest credit on his memory. The late Mr. Barneveldt, bequeathed 100*l.* a year in the short annuities among ten poor men and women of Enfield, not receiving alms from the parish. The short annuities closed in 1807, and this source of bounty ceased, when Mr. Gough, though wholly unconnected with Mr. Barneveldt, otherwise than as a neighbour, voluntarily gave the like sum to each of the annuitants, and afterwards made provision in his will that the annuities be paid as long as one individual shall survive. This action in a corrupt age when many corporations and trustees are "devouring widows' houses, and for a pretence making long prayers," is truly christian and philanthropic.

David Barclay, *Esq.*

THIS gentleman paid the debt of nature but a few weeks since, in the 81st year of his age, at Walthamstow, in Essex. He was the only surviving grandson of Robert Barclay, of Urie, author of the celebrated Apology for the Quakers. He was bred to business in the city of London, and was long at the head of a most extensive house in Cheapside, chiefly engaged in the American trade, and the affairs of which he closed at the commencement of the Revolution. He was, at that time, as much distinguished by his talents, knowledge, integrity, and power, as a merchant, as he has ever since in retirement by his patriotism, philanthropy, and munificence. His benevolent heart continued active in his retreat. He distributed his ample fortune in the most sublime ways.—Instead of making all those persons whom he loved dependent on his future bounty, as expectants at his death, he became, himself, the executor of his own will; and by the most munificent aid to all his relatives, he not only laid the foundation, but lived to see the maturity of all those establishments which now give such importance to his family. Nor was it merely to his relations that this seasonable friendship was given, but to the young men whom he had bred in his mercantile house, of whose virtuous dispositions he approved.

Some of the most eminent merchants in the city of London are proud to acknowledge the gratitude they owe to David Barclay, for the means of their first introduction to life, and for the benefit of his counsel and countenance in their early stages of it. It is a proof of the sagacity of his patronage that he had very few occasions to repent of the protection he had conferred. And the uninterrupted happiness he enjoyed for many years in the midst of the numerous connections he had reared, held out a lively example and lesson to others of the value of a just and well-directed beneficence. His virtue was not limited to his relatives, to his friends, to his sect, to his country, or to the colour of his species—he was a man of the warmest affections, and therefore loved his family and friends—he was a patriot, and therefore preferred his own country to all others; but he was a Christian, and felt for the human race. No man, therefore, was ever more active than David Barclay in promoting whatever might ameliorate the condition of man: largely endowed by Providence with the means, he felt it to be his duty to set great examples. And when an argument was set up against the emancipation of the negroes from slavery, "that they were too ignorant and barbarous for freedom," he resolved to demonstrate the fallacy of the imputation. Having had an estate in Jamaica fall to him, he determined, at the expense of 10,000*l.* to emancipate the whole *gang* (as they are termed) of slaves.

He did this with his usual prudence as well as generosity. He sent out an agent to Jamaica, and made him hire a vessel, in which they were all transported to America, where the little community was established in various handicraft trades: the members of it prospered under the blessing of his care, and lived to shew that the black skin inclosed hearts as full of gratitude, and minds as capable of improvement, as that of the proudest white. Such was the conduct of this English merchant! His own manners were simple, his hospitality large, and his charities universal. He founded a House of Industry near his own residence on such solid principles that, though it cost him 1500*l.* for several years, he succeeded in his object of making it a source of comfort, and even of independence, to all the well-disposed families of the poor around. Nothing could surpass the tranquillity of his last moments. He was composed, cheerful, and resigned. He had no struggle with life: he rather ceased to live, than felt the pang of death.

Mr. Barclay's acts of benevolence, though discriminate, were never degraded by the narrowness of religious distinction. He was married twice. He had but one daughter by his first marriage, who was married to Richard Gurney, Esq. of Norwich. She was a most beautiful and benevolent woman, every way worthy of such a father. She died some years ago, leaving issue Hudson Gurney, Esq. and the wife of Sampson Hanbury, Esq.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

LITTLE THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

TUESDAY, May 30.—The Covent-Garden company closed the season this evening. The following address, upon the occasion, was spoken by Mr. Young, and received with the greatest applause by a brilliant and crowded audience:—

"*Ladies and Gentlemen,*

"I am desired by the proprietors of Govent-Garden theatre, to offer you their most grateful acknowledgments for the kind and liberal patronage you have afforded them during this most trying and distressing season. The weight of their obligation is the more sensibly felt, as they are aware (though every exertion has been used) the attraction of novelty has been, in a great measure, wanting—Next year, however, they hope the deficiency in theatrical amusements will be amply supplied. Their new theatre is now covered in. Owing to the peculiar circumstances of the times, they have encountered the greatest difficulties, and gone to an unprecedented expense in procuring the best materials necessary for the structure of so large a building; but from the indefatigable exertions of all concerned in the undertaking, they have now the heartfelt satisfaction of assuring you, that the New Theatre-Royal, in Covent-Garden, will be opened for your entertainment on Monday, the 11th of September.

"The chief ambition of the proprietors has been to consult the comfort and convenience of the audience; and they trust that, when completed, the New Theatre will receive the enviable sanction of your approbation, and be deemed worthy of the metropolis of the British empire. The performers, likewise, ladies and gentleman, beg leave to return their most grateful thanks to a kind and indulgent public, and, till we meet on our New Stage, the company humbly take their leave."

The comedy of *Rule a Wife and have a Wife* was performed on Monday, May 29, for the benefit of Mr. Lewis, who played the part of the *Copper Captain* The house was extremely crowded, as it was known that this favourite actor had determined to close his long and distinguished theatrical career with that performance. He performed the part with his usual excellence, spirit, and vivacity; and if in his farewel address he had not informed the audience he had been six and thirty years upon the London stage, he might very well have been taken for a man of six and thirty. At the end of the play Mr. Lewis came forward amidst an un-

bounded tumult of applause, and evidently agitated to the highest degree; at length when silence was obtained, he informed the audience he was addressing them for the last time. *(No! No! No! was called out from every part of the house).*

"*Ladies and Gentlemen,*

"I am addressing you for the last time, but such are my feelings at this moment, I would willingly decline it, but gratitude and duty calls me forward, and I will go through it." Mr. L. then went on to state, that in six and thirty years he had been the servant of the public, it was a heartfelt gratification to him, in this the moment of his dramatic death, he had never once incurred their displeasure. The fostering kindness of the public to his earliest efforts, as well as their indulgence to his last appearance, would be cheerful reflections to the remainder of his days. "Ladies and gentlemen, I must now, with most respectful gratitude, and (if I may be permitted to say) with sincere affection, bid you farewel for ever."

Rule a Wife and have a Wife, has been since repeated, for the purpose of giving Mr. Jones an opportunity of performing Mr. Lewis's character of the *Copper Captain* He supported the character throughout with great liveliness and spirit, and bids fair to prove an excellent substitute for Lewis. Mr. Young was also highly respectable in the character of *Leon*, and received the most marked approbation. The only new performer, was a Mr. Smith, from the York theatre, who played the *Duke*—a character certainly that does not afford great opportunity for the display of talent; but we cannot say that Mr. Smith promises to be a great acquisition to the company. Allowances, however, must be made for a first appearance, and perhaps he may have other opportunities for making a more favourable impression. Mrs. Glover was the *Estifania* of the night, and Mrs. St. Ledger played the part of *Margaretta*. Upon the whole, the performance went off with great spirit, and excited the mirth and good humour of a numerous and genteel audience. The afterpiece was *Plot and Counterplot*.

LYCEUM, STRAND.

The Drury-Lane company concluded their season with the *Heir at Law*; and the farce of the *Mayor of Garratt*. At the end of the play Mr. Wroughton delivered the following address, which was received with marked applause:—

This last night of performance, ladies and gentlemen, demands our annual address of thanks—but so peculiarly involved in calamity as the performers have been from the destruction of both theatres this winter, (which was nearly reducing many of the adherents of the stage into uncommon difficulties and distress) we are anxiously apprehensive lest our expressions prove inadequate to our feelings on this occasion. The calamity, which was truly grievous to our brethren of Covent-Garden theatre, became trebly so to the Drury-Lane company, for where, in the first instance, some relief could be administered, in the latter scarcely any could be obtained. Hopeless and dreary was our situation for some weeks, until our appeal to Earl Dartmouth, the Lord Chamberlain, who graciously listened to our distress, and with the greatest kindness (which must ever be remembered by the actors), gave us his sanction and permission to advance forward on our account, and from the liberality of the public, and the kind intervention of the proprietors of the Opera House and the Lyceum, we have, in some measure, thus far sustained our misfortunes.

By your generosity we have been enabled to keep united, and we again look forward with confidence in the hope of a continuation of public favour, assuring you wherever our future destiny shall place us, we trust our exertions, keeping pace with our gratitude, will render us deserving your attention.

It now remains for us, at the conclusion of the season, to offer our heartfelt tribute of thanks, which we one and all beg leave thus publicly and respectfully to present to our patrons and benefactors for that protection, that indulgence, and that noble liberality with which they have followed up and rewarded our humble endeavours.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE arms of Bonaparte have received a check. At any time this would be of great importance, but in the present state of Europe it has raised the hopes of the fallen thrones, and they look with ardour and anxiety to the conflicts on the Danube. In consequence of the success of the French arms in Bavaria, the whole country, south of the Danube, fell a prey to the great emperor: he marched his troops directly to Vienna, seized the capital, and all Austria lay at his mercy. The Archduke Charles had fled into Bohemia; and, whilst Bonaparte was arranging his conquests, he was rallying his defeated troops, and preparing for a new engagement. What part of the French forces followed him into Bohemia is not ascertained; but, as the Archduke's motions were the most rapid, it is probable that they soon gave over the pursuit, and left him to his own exertions. He did not sink under the difficulties of his situation; and the next thing we heard of him was, that he had gained a victory over Bonaparte on the northern bank of the Danube, opposite to Vienna.

From this account it is evident that the Archduke, foreseeing the nature of his adversary's motions, was determined to anticipate him; and, as he could do nothing to preserve the south of the Danube, laid his plans for giving a turn to the campaign to the north of this river. As celerity is the grand feature of the French operations, the Archduke forgot the dulness of German tactics, and made a march which does him high honour. He seems to have gained the point he intended in such a manner, and with such forces, as completely to have deceived the French. They could not have expected the attack they met with, or they would have been differently prepared for it: and this may tend to raise the Archduke in the estimation of his troops, and enable him to cope, with no small expectation of success, with his enemy. The number and state of the troops on both sides are however so little known, that it would be highly presumptuous to give a decided opinion. The talents of Bonaparte, the object he has at stake, the resources within his reach, the opinion so widely spread of his being the destined destroyer of corrupt governments, all conspire to create the dread that the overthrow of the Austrian family and government is nearly at hand.

When Bonaparte had seized Vienna, the nature of the campaign on his part was easily seen. The only forces of importance to resist him were on the north of, and at a considerable distance, it was imagined, from, the Danube. The army that had been sent into the Tyrol and Italy by the Archduke, could be safely left to the French generals; and, in fact, they were pursuing it in all directions.—The only question seemed to be, whether the conqueror should remain on the south of the Danube, and destroy completely every species of resistance in that quarter, and, waiting for the arrival of his Italian army, cross the Danube with a strength sufficient to crush the Archduke; or, whilst the terror of his arms was so high, go to the attack of the Archduke with the troops he had with him, and with severer fighting put an end to the contest. The latter opinion prevailed; and he took measures for the immediate passage of the Danube. A very great proportion were passed over to the other side, and when about two thirds of the intended number had gained the opposite shore, a furious attack was made upon them by the Archduke, and the severest battle was fought that has taken place in these most sanguinary wars. On one side, the conquerors were influenced with the pride of past victories; on the other, the shame of past defeats was counteracted by the supposed advantage they had now gained, and the increased confidence which in consequence they had placed in their leader.

The Archduke, foreseeing the attempts of Bonaparte, had brought his troops and an immense train of artillery to a point sufficiently near to the Danube, without creating an alarm at his approach, and, in the midst of Bonaparte's operations, had prepared

a plan which gave him a decisive advantage. He sent down the river, from the northern bank, barges filled with combustible materials, with which at the time of crossing the troops destroyed the bridges, and threw disorder and dismay into the French army. At this moment he attacked them with all his forces. The battle began about three in the afternoon, and continued till night: it was renewed with redoubled vigour, and continued during the whole of the next day. The result was, that Bonaparte was compelled to recross the Danube after an immense loss in men, in horses, in artillery, in ammunition, and in generals. The number of killed and wounded would naturally be exaggerated by each party; but it is evident that such a conflict could not have taken place without an immense expenditure of human blood; and Bonaparte is not of a disposition to retreat whilst there existed the least prospect of success.

The news of this conflict was rapidly spread throughout Europe: the French bulletins acknowledged their inability to advance; and this was attributed to the rising of the waters of the Danube, which had carried away their bridges and their boats. There is an island in the Danube, opposite to Vienna, to which the greater part of the French army retreated. This island Bonaparte set himself to fortify in the completest manner, and at the same time dispatched troops on the southern side of the Danube, to watch the motions of the Archduke's army, lest any part should establish a passage below him. He had sufficient matter for his other bulletins, in the transactions of his army of Italy, and he now waited for a junction with it: and this junction he proclaimed in one by the firing of cannon. His joy on the occasion could not be doubted; to them he ascribed the preservation of his iron crown in Lombardy; and to them he looked for victory against the house of Austria.

In this state then the war is now, and another bloody battle is to be expected before the contest is decided. Bonaparte, reinforced by the army of Italy, has now under him a greater force by far than he had prior to the check: the Archduke's strength must have been diminished by these battles, and his resources are dubious. The Danube is between them: who will begin the attack a short time will discover. There is a particular game of chess played in India, in which, in addition to the common game, there is a river in the middle of the board, and it is said, that, when the skill and men are nearly equal on both sides, he who first crosses the river is sure to be defeated. War is only an inferior game of chess. Chance enters much into the bloody play of soldiers, the disgrace of the human race: for what can be more contemptible in the eye of reason, than for two hundred thousand men to be pelting each other with bullets and ball. We shall see, however, the devices of the two generals upon this occasion; and, if the Archduke loses, his brother's throne is cast down to the ground. For this fall he has been prepared by the late events in his family: the loss of the Low Countries, Lombardy, and the Tyrolese, must have shewn him the fickleness of human affairs, and the important crown of Austria was not easily to be preserved without an union with the other two imperial crowns. Such an union also placed the lesser crown in a state of great dependence. He threw the die: and his throne cannot now be preserved, but by the destruction of the power of the French, an event as much to be desired as it is little to be expected.

Whilst various battles were fighting in the south of Germany, Schill was making considerable progress in the north. It does not appear, however, that many joined him, and he advanced towards the Baltic. This was probably according to some premeditated plan; but he was followed by a body of Dutch and French troops, and at Stralsund finished his career in death. Speculation is afloat on the nature of this attempt. That a whole regiment should quit a kingdom at the same instant is an extraordinary event. The sovereign could not have ordered it, and it was scarcely possible that it should take such a step without his connivance, and the prospect of success in other quarters. We cannot doubt, then, that this motion was in concert with other intended motions, and future times will discover whether Schill marched too

soon or too late, or what was the cause that baffled his schemes. The great overthrow of the Archduke in Bavaria probably prevented the rising in the north of Germany; and, as the first scheme was then defeated, it may probably be too late to form another to assist the operations of the Archduke. They will wait the issue of the approaching battle, and should the Austrians be again successful, a considerable movement may be expected in Germany.

But this cannot be effected under such auspices as those of the Duke of Brunswick. A son of the celebrated general, well known for his manifestos in an early stage of the French revolution, has issued a proclamation, calling upon the generals to join him, and promising liberty under his banners. But what liberty was ever to be expected under a petty German prince? That country has groaned long enough under the tyranny of its petty governments: and, if it throws off its present thraldom, it must be from the effort of some new spirit, rising in the people themselves. The Duke is at the head of a small body of troops, whose fate must follow that of the Austrians; if it is not anticipated by an early attack from the forces of the King of Westphalia.—The power of the petty princes of Germany is at any rate destroyed, and the endeavour to revive it will only fall upon the projectors.

Reports are very prevalent that the King of Prussia has declared war against the French. The troops he can bring into the field are too few, and his resources too small, one would think, for him to venture upon such a hazardous attempt, which, if not successful, must end in the loss of his dominions; but in the present state of Europe, such is the distraction in the minds of its ancient governors, that nothing can surprise us in their movements.

The descent of a king from his throne is too often the presage of an untimely end. How far the rule will apply in Sweden, time must discover: but its king has abdicated apparently without any prospect of future injury to himself. In his abdication paper he declares his inability to promote the welfare of his subjects, and his determination to dedicate the remainder of his life to religious exercises. In the mean time the throne is vacant. The Duke of Sudermania awaits the fixing of the constitution by the diet, before he assumes regal power. Let us hope that this revolution will pass over without bloodshed; that the neighbours of Sweden will permit this unhappy country to legislate for itself, and to heal the wounds which it has received from the folly of its last administration. But this is too much, we fear, to expect from human policy. Russia must interfere; and it may annex this country to its territories, and Europe be doomed to groan under the dominion of two mighty emperors, that of the north and that of the south.

Russia, however, does not seem to have made any rapid motions. We do not hear of any progress being made against the Turks, nor has it triumphed any where over the Austrians. Its eye is fixed on the proceedings of Sweden; and in this contest it will doubtless be a gainer. Of Turkey we know but little: it is too weak to enter at all into the conflicts of France and Austria, and would willingly be at rest, if the powers of Europe would permit her. But her destiny is fast approaching; and, if Austria falls in this conflict, her doom cannot be prolonged.

Spain continues to be a field for ample conjecture. The junta remains at Seville, the king at Madrid.—Dubious battles take place in the north. A cortez is actually called by the junta; and encouragement is held out to all to bring forward schemes for the revisal of a government under a better form. The proclamation acknowledges the fault of the former government; it laments the degradation of the country in the eyes of Europe, and promises better times under a new system. But we may doubt whether the desired effect can now be produced. If the cortez should meet, and annihilate the inquisition, and destroy the power of the clergy within its districts; if it should take away the hurtful privileges of the Hidalgos, and restore liberty to the peasantry, a powerful body will be found to oppose its decrees, and its doubtful power will scarcely be suf-

ficient for the conflict. The French have seized the opportunity, and in their territories the Spaniard can already speak his sentiments without fear of an intolerant priesthood; his mind is no longer bent down by the degrading shackles of superstition; he feels the advantage of his new situation, and why should he exchange a Bonaparte for a Bourbon? All the accounts brought by our army from Spain, lead us to form this opinion of its natives, whose first exertions have been much exaggerated; and the time was lost, when, by calling the cortez and inspiring every one with the spirit of liberty, a degree of energy would have been excited, that must have destroyed the enemy.

Portugal is in the hands, we may say, of the English. Our arms have expelled the French from Oporto and the north, and are preparing the Portuguese troops for new efforts. To this country continual reinforcements are sailing, and such an army may be settled there, as, in its proper time, to create considerable annoyance to the French. Its effects, however, time will discover, and the fate of this country is involved in that of Austria.

Our American disputes are not at an end. It is now ascertained that our ambassador there has gone beyond his instructions, and his proceedings will not be ratified. This will occasion, for some time, considerable embarassment: but it is hoped that the difficulties will be removed, and a settlement may take place on an amicable footing. The conduct of the ambassador must, however, occasion considerable animadversion; and it is to be lamented that he either did not follow good instructions, or that they were not sufficiently intelligible.

At home, thanks continue to be given to Mr. Wardle from various collective bodies; but in one place a very curious circumstance has occurred. A requisition, signed by a very large body of freeholders, was presented to the sheriff, desiring a county meeting to be called, but soon after a counter requisition was presented, signed by a much smaller body. To the latter, the sheriff has given the preference, and he has refused the calling the county together. How far this conduct in the sheriff is justifiable deserves serious inquiry: for, if the sheriff possesses the power of refusing a call in this manner, it will be easy to prevent a meeting in future of any county upon any question whatsoever: for it will always be much easier to get a number of persons to sign a counter-requisition than to meet a question fairly in the open field of discussion. The freeholders, who proposed the meeting, will, however, call one for themselves; and, in such a meeting, it cannot be doubted that the conduct of the sheriff and the counter-requisitionists will be sufficiently reprobated.

Parliamentary Proceedings.

In the legislature, the points of greatest consequence have been Mr. Curwen's bill—Sir F. Burdett's proposed plan—and Mr. Wardle's scheme for diminishing the national expenditure by eleven millions. The mode in which this was to be done he explained by retrenchment in a variety of particulars; and it cannot be doubted, that, in a House of Commons properly constituted, his measures would be enforced with considerable effect. Such a House would be a check upon the expenditure: but that confidence, given to the ruinous administration of Mr. Pitt, has produced such a spirit of waste, and neglect, and corruption, that all the ardour of Mr. Wardle is requisite to restore order in our financial system. We shall see what he will do next session, at which time many papers he has moved for are to be produced: and, in the mean time, we wish him all the success his well-meant efforts call for, and think him entitled to the gratitude of his country for his intentions. The corrupted agents of administration may and will bark at him; but he will rise superior to their clamour, and shew the nation the folly of being dictated to by servants, who are plundering their master, and laughing at his folly and supineness.

The debates on Mr. Curwen's bill, shewed the necessity of a reform in parliament, and the impossibility of bringing the members of the House of Commons to an agreement on the subject, till some specific plan was pointed out, to which the nation should shew a decided preference.—

In the course of the debates, pointed allusions were continually made to Sir F. Burdett, and the decision of his conduct, and the manifest high esteem in which he was held by the great majority of disinterested men in the country, made him the object of continual sarcasm. This did not prevent the worthy Baronet from persevering in the course which he had laid down for himself; and, on the conclusion of Mr. Curwen's mutilated bill, he gave notice of his intention to submit to the House a motion on the subject of reform. A House was not made on the day appointed; but on the 19th of June he addressed the chair in a most manly manner, and his speech will do him the greatest honour, as well as lay the foundation of a reform; which it will be out of the power of the borough-mongering faction to prevent. He stated it to be the duty he owed to the country, and to himself, to obviate the misrepresentations of his views and sentiments, and to give a clear and definite idea of his wishes on the subject of reform, how far he was disposed to go, and where to stop. His intention was to avoid all exaggeration or irritating language, and he hoped that the subject might be treated, not with angry contention, but amicable discussion. The course he proposed was, first, to state the evils arising out of the nature of the representation, and, next, the remedy perfectly simple and practical, and consistent with the constitution. The present system is an innovation upon the old constitution of the country, and is contrary to our laws: the remedy therefore is to be found in a recurrence to the principles of our constitution and our laws. That corruption is essential and necessary to the constitution, is a monstrous doctrine, unsupported by history, and a libel on the country. The constitution of our government is very intelligible: it consists of a King, Lords, and Commons, the latter being an assembly, elected by the people, at once to preserve the rights of the people and the prerogatives of the crown. With this corruption has nothing to do; and it ought to be the aim of all parties to attack and destroy it.

It has been asserted, that all men act from mixed motives. This is a false and pernicious doctrine. Men may act from different motives, from avarice or ambition, from envy or hatred; but it might as well be stated, that, because different roads lead into a town, and different streams in a common sea, men might go at the same time on two roads, or sail on two different streams. A man acts from a predominant motive, and it is convenience only which suggested this mixture of motives, as it maintained the keeping of mixed accounts, to create confusion and avert detection. Another doctrine has been maintained, that while the forms of the constitution remained, much was left, and their existence always justified the hope of freedom. Hence it was insinuated, that the people should not seek to ally themselves with the crown for the purpose of averting the mischiefs likely to proceed from a House of Commons such as this. I am not afraid, said Sir Francis, of the prerogative; for it is a material part of the constitution: my only apprehension is, that it should be encroached upon and abused by a House of Commons such as this. What I desire is, the erection of a barrier against such an abuse, by the restriction of the fair balance of the constitution, by giving to each branch its legitimate right, providing at once for the defence of the prerogatives of the crown, and the protection of the rights of the people. As to the value of forms, the Roman history has clearly proved that all the forms of liberty may exist at the same time that the most intolerable tyranny is practised. I am as anxious as other persons for the preservation of forms, but I wish to have the substance also. My object is to release the constitution from the effects of innovation—from that rotten borough-mongering system, which forms a sort of local sovereignty, equally independent of and oppressive to both king and country. In fact, if the prerogative had not been encroached upon, this abominable system would never have been known. In former times, no such thing could be found as a writ to St. Mawes or the posts of Gatton. The rotten borough system sprang up

at the revolution. Ascribing the evils of former reigns to prerogative alone, the people committed a most fatal mistake: they consented to an encroachment on the prerogative, which was a necessary part of the constitution, because they confounded the thing with its abuse.

Out of this encroachment a third power has arisen, the rotten borough mongers; who, by establishing a dominion over king and people, by misrepresenting the one to the other; by keeping up a perpetual jealousy between them, contrive to reign the arbiter of society. Hence my first object is to reunite the king and people, and make the bond of union allegiance on the one hand and protection on the other. No one can dispute the simple principle, that every man has a property in his own, goods: yet this principle is contradicted by the present frame of the representation of the House, to which a hundred and fifty-seven individuals have the power of returning a majority, at whose disposal the whole property of the nation is vested. In fact, to these individuals belong the sovereignty of the country. Hence the people are rightly discontented, for they have not that share of influence in the constitution to which they are entitled; they are not fairly represented in this House; and, in fact, in this House is an interest opposite to their's. Ought not then the borough-mongering faction to be put down? In doing this, the sceptre is restored to the king, of which that faction has long deprived him; leaving him only the pageantry and outward shew of political power. In fact, the borough-mongering faction have such sway, that the king is placed in the situation of a rope-dancer, rather than that of a monarch, being on the alert always to keep his place and his balance. But his throne ought to be placed on the rock of the constitution, and bound to the hearts of every part of the people: this is its situation, for the constitution and the people are its best securities.

Men of great name have failed in their attempts at procuring reform; and why?—because a majority of this House have an interest opposite to the measure, and different from that of the country. This will not, however, deter me from proposing my plan, which consists only of a few simple regulations: namely, that all freeholders, copyholders, and householders, paying direct taxation to the support of the state, the church, and the poor, shall have a right of voting for a representative;—that the country shall be divided into certain portions, of which each shall return one representative;—that all the elections shall take place in one day, and in their respective parishes;—and that the duration of parliament shall be brought back within the constitutional limits. The advantages of this system are obvious. We get rid of cumbrous statutes and riotous meetings, and various disqualifications, the fruitful sources of litigation: for I would not exclude any man from a vote, not even an exciseman. What inducement can there be to bribe, when the voters will be so numerous? No persons can be injured by my propositions but the borough-monger, the lawyer, the attorney, and the king's printer. Some may think that we should not thus get a better house: but if not, the evils we get rid of are a sufficient recommendation to the plan. I have been often called a demagogue; but if I were really so, I am committing a complete *felo de se* in these propositions, which must put an end to all demagogues.

Still let it be observed, that I am open to conviction. I have stated clearly the remedy for that public evil which I have been so often called upon to produce. The remedy is short, simple, practical, calculated to satisfy the people, to preserve the crown, and to restore the balance of the constitution.—These are the objects of my pursuit: higher I do not aspire, and lower I am not disposed to descend; and on these grounds I move, that this House will, at an early period of the next session, take into consideration the expediency of amending the present state of the representation.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Maddocks, and opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who saw no reason for any reform, and affirmed

that the people were more united against reform than upon any other question, because they thought reform unnecessary. He denied that tumult or bribery would be lessened. He saw no reason to expect any good from this new plan, for the frame of the human mind could not be altered, nor could human prejudices and passions be got rid of. He would not allow that the House had thought any reform necessary; and it would raise the plan into too much importance to give it a moment's farther consideration.

Mr. Maddocks, in reply, observed, that the Chancellor had totally misrepresented the question, which was, not whether the propositions of reform were to be adopted, but whether the country was to be amused with the pretence of a representation, instead of one real and efficient. The main point was the vesting of franchises in the resident householders, than which a better regulation could not well be conceived; for this qualification has the advantage of being open, ostensible, and incapable of dispute; and the situation entitles the person qualified to respect in society, as the master of a house, and probably the father of a family. What could be more absurd than to give the right of sending members to parliament to an old wall or to twenty-five stones in a field? Mr. Curwen's bill had made matters worse, by throwing the monopoly of the market for seats into the hands of the treasury. He was ready to prove that five thousand pounds had been paid to the treasury for a seat by Mr. Dick, who was induced to resign on a difference of opinion between him and the treasury on the subject of the Duke of York. This was a sufficient ground for the pledge that the House would take the representation into consideration.

Sir R. Williams' greatest objections were, that the proposer endeavoured to effect his means of reform from without; and that he was said in Cobbet's Register to have asserted that the House of Commons was the only spot where the opinions of Englishmen were treated with contempt.——Sir James Hall conceived the plan stated to amount to a complete and radical revolution, and even thought that the rotten boroughs might ultimately do a great deal of good. The constitution ought to be defended without narrow or minute examination; for many things, which appeared ridiculous at first, might be good in their ultimate effect. The votes of the House were almost always satisfactory to the nation. — Mr. Hutchinson thought a more constitutional speech or one more calculated to soothe and conciliate, than that of the worthy Baronet, had never been delivered in that House. It was the conviction of his mind, that there was a crying necessity for reform; and every one ought to be anxious for it, when the House had been insulted by the avowal within its walls that seats were bought and sold.

Mr. Western had always been a friend to reform, and thought it essentially necessary that a pledge should be given to the public.—Mr. Barham was averse from the pledge, but agreed that the worthy Baronet had been unkindly treated, and applauded his speech for its candour and moderation.—Sir Thomas Turton, considering that the circumstances being altered of many boroughs, an alteration ought to take place in the representation. He was not very fond of pledges; but, concurring in the principle, he should vote for the question if it came to a division. The gentlemen on the other side, in their aversion to reform, put him in mind of Squire Western in Tom Jones, who, disputing with his sister, exclaimed, that he would be damn'd if he went to church if one point in the liturgy was amended. — Mr. Tracey affirmed that the people required reform, as was evident from their public meetings from one end of the kingdom to the other. The attempt to make it unpopular, by connecting it with the French revolution, and the cry of No Popery, had failed, and the people would judge coolly without allowing themselves to be distracted by such artifices. He did not pledge himself to support the plan proposed, but he should give his vote for the subject being taken into early consideration.

On a division, there appeared,
For the motion.....15
Against it.....74
Majority against reform....59

Thus, in this sitting, the members appeared to be divided on the question in the proportion of nearly five to one; and this is probably the proportion, if the whole House were polled on this subject: and, if the nation were polled, the proportion would be very different, as then it would be at least ten to one in favour of reform.

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HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

THE Speech of the Lords Commissioners to both Houses of Parliament, on closing the Session, Wednesday, June 21.——The Lord Chancellor took his seat upon the woolsack, and, after prayers were read, his lordship acquainted the House, that his Majesty had been pleased to issue his Royal Commission, authorising certain Peers to declare and notify his Royal Assent to a certain Bill therein mentioned; and also a Special Commission, authorizing the same Peers, in His Majesty's name, to prorogue the Parliament.

Shortly after, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, Earl Camden, the Earl of Westmorland, and the Earl of Dartmouth, as Lords Commissioners, in their robes, took their seats on the bench, at the foot of the Throne; and Mr. Quarme, Deputy Usher of the Black Rod, was sent to order the attendance of the Commons, who soon afterwards appeared at the Bar, with the Speaker at their head, when the Lord Chancellor addressed the following Speech to both Houses of Parliament:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"We are commanded by his Majesty to acquaint you, that his Majesty has great satisfaction in being enabled, by the state of the public business, to release you from your laborious attendance in Parliament.

"His Majesty doubts not that on your return into your respective counties, you will carry with you a disposition to inculcate, both by instruction and example, a spirit of attachment to those established laws, and that happy Constitution, which it has ever been his Majesty's anxious wish to support and to maintain, and upon which, under Providence, depend the welfare and prosperity of this kingdom.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

"We have it in command from his Majesty to thank you for the liberal provision which you have made for the services of the present year; and to express the satisfaction which his Majesty derives from your having been enabled to provide for those services, without any great and immediate addition to the burdens upon his People.

"His Majesty particularly commands us to acknowledge your prompt attention to his wishes, respecting an increased provision for the poorer Clergy, an object in the highest degree interesting to his Majesty's feelings, and deserving the favourable consideration of Parliament."

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"The atrocious and unparalleled act of violence and treachery, by which the Ruler of France attempted to surprise and to enslave the Spanish Nation, while it has excited in Spain a determined and unconquerable resistance against the usurpation and tyranny of the French Government, has, at the same time, awakened in other Nations of Europe, a determination to resist, by a new effort, the continued and increasing encroachments on their safety and independence.

"Although the uncertainty of all human events, and the vicissitudes attendant upon war, forbid too confident an expectation of a satisfactory issue to the present struggle against the common enemy of Europe, his Majesty commands us to congratulate you upon the splendid and important success which has recently crowned the arms of the Emperor of Austria, under the able and distinguished conduct of his Imperial Highness the Archduke Charles.

"To the efforts of Europe for its own deliverance, his Majesty has directed me to assure you, that he is determined to continue his most strenuous assistance and support, convinced that you will agree with him in considering, that every exertion for the re-establishment of the Independence and Security of other Nations, is no less conducive to the true interests, than it is becoming the character and honour, of Great Britain."

Then a Commission for proroguing the Parliament was read. After which the Lord Chancellor said—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"By virtue of His Majesty's Commission, under the Great Seal, to us and other Lords directed, and now read, we do, in his Majesty's name, and in obedience to his commands, prorogue this Parliament to Thursday, the 10th day of August next, to be then here holden; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Thursday, the 10th day of August next."

The Special Commission being read, the Lord Chancellor declared Parliament to be prorogued until Thursday, the 10th day of August next.

The Commons then retired to their own House, and their Lordships soon afterwards also departed.

Deaths in and near London.

In Jermyn-street, Sir George Baker, Bart. physician to the king and queen. He had nearly attained his 88th year.

At his apartments in Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, Francis Legat, an historical engraver of the first class and genius. He was an enthusiastic lover of his art, and (which is of infinitely more consequence) an amiable, unaffected, ingenuous man. His affectionate attentions to an aged, helpless mother, will for ever endear his memory to the few who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His chief works are the prints he contributed to Boydell's Shakspeare, and those he executed from Pictures in the Houghton collection. Among these may be enumerated, with great praise, an engraving from a painting by Northcote, representing the Murder of the Royal Brothers in the Tower, and a scene from Shakspeare's Lear, from the pencil of the late Mr. Barry. Excellent, however, as these productions are, Mr. Legat considered them but as preludes to a print on which he had exerted every effort of his genius and elegant taste; a print on which he had been engaged (in sickness and in sorrow) for the last three years of his life; which promised not only to add to his reputation as an artist, but even to increase the elevated character line engraving has acquired in this country. This print is from a picture by Mr. Stothard: the subject—the Death of General Abercrombie.

Gazette Intelligence.

Downing Street, June 2, 1809.

A Dispatch of which the following is a copy, has been received from Lieutenant-General Sir George Beckwith, K. B. Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Forces in the Leeward Islands, by Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

Fort-Royal Martinique, April 20, 1809.

My Lord,—The French squadron, consisting of three sail of the line, and two frigates, from L'Orient, having taken shelter in the vicinity of Guadaloupe, where they were blockaded by Rear Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane with a superior force, I detached a corps, of between two and three thousand men, under the command of Major-General Maitland, to co-operate with the navy in the reduction of those Islands, to destroy or capture the ships of the enemy, or to force them to sea.

I have the satisfaction to report to your Lordship, for his Majesty's information, that after three days of great toil, and most active service, the forts were reduced, and the troops surrendered prisoners of war.

The French ships of the line pushed to sea early on the night of the 14th; on the 16th the Admiral was within four miles of them, and, I trust, will be enabled to bring them to close action.

I have the honour to inclose the Major-General's report upon the honourable termination of this service; and I beg leave to recommend to his Majesty's favourable consideration, the meritorious services of this General Officer not only in the present instance, where he held a distinct command, but for his general good conduct during the whole campaign.

The Officers of all ranks have done their duty in an exemplary manner, and the troops employed upon this service have maintained that superiority which has distinguished this army during the whole series of our

operations since our departure from Barbadoes.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) GEO. BECKWITH.

The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Castlereagh, &c.

Camp at the Saints, April 18, 1809.

SIR,—I have the honour to transmit you a report of the proceedings of his Majesty's troops, detached for the reduction of the Saints.

We sailed from Fort Royal Bay on the 12th; Captain Beaver, of his Majesty's ship Acasta, who was Commodore of the division, left the squadron under charge of Captain Carthew, of his Majesty's ship Gloire, and went forward to meet Rear-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane. The 13th was passed in examining the enemy's positions, and in making arrangements.

The disembarkation was fixed to be at six o'clock in the morning of the 14th, but a bad night separated our ships. By ten they were collected. Soon after the Acasta led in, through a very narrow channel, which was buoyed on each side. The Gloire, Narcissus, and Circe, followed; the Intrepid about an hour after, but the Dolphin not until next day. His Majesty's ships anchored opposite to the little Bay Bois Joly. The landing was meant to have been at the next to the eastward, called Ance Vanovre. As much time, it was then seen, would be lost by persevering to go to Ance Vanovre, because the boats would have had a long row against wind and current, we landed at Ance Bois Joly; a secure landing, though a stony beach, protected by the fire of the frigates. We experienced no opposition, except a cannonade from the Islet of Cabrit, the guns of which fired over the ridge, among the shipping.

When advanced to the first ridge, we found the enemy occupied the great mountain, which is above eight hundred feet high, called Mount Russel. This was immediately on our right nor could we advance. The rifle companies of the 3d and of the 4th battalions 60th regiment were ordered to dislodge the enemy. The exertion of these companies, under Captains Dolling and Lupton, was great; the ascent no less steep than an angle of fifty degrees, covered with bush and prickly pears, they most gallantly effected the service, and drove back the enemy, who suffered considerably. The rifle companies were supported to their right by the flank companies of the 3d West India regiment, and one company of the Royal York Rangers led by Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, Deputy Adjutant-General, whom I detached for this service. We had now a strong position. Before us were the enemy's three forts, showing stout garrisons, and three line of battle ships, and two frigates in the harbour. The large ships very full of men. We found, however, we could not advance without being flanked on our left by the fort on Isle de Cabrit. Two eight inch howitzers were immediately landed, a battery quickly constructed by Lieutenant Hobbs of the Royal Engineers. Brigadier-General Stehelin of the Royal Artillery and all his Officers and Men were most strenuous, and before six that evening our battery opened on the enemy's squadron at a very fair distance. About an hour after there were indications that the French squadron was about to push out, and by eight it was not doubtful. Not a moment was lost; Captain De Courcy of the Quarter-Master-General's department was sent by me to Captain Beaver of the Acasta, and we fired six rockets from a headland at five minutes interval, being the signal fixed on by the Admiral. About ten at night the three French line-of-battle ships were seen to go through the windward passage. Next morning, the 15th instant, the Intrepid was the only line-of-battle ship in sight.

The difficulty of advancing on the West side of the island, forced us to re-embark the greater part of our troops, to land at Ance Vanovre, but as the enemy occupied a strong and commanding position on the East side of this Bay, Lieutenant Colonel Prescot, with the flank companies of the 3d West India Regiment, and the two rifle companies of the 60th, and Major Henderson with the reserve, were ordered to descend from Morne Russel to protect the landing, and to dislodge the enemy. This was well executed,

and we gained a favourable position, whence our mortars could reach Fort Napoleon at a proper distance, as well as the fort on the islet. A mortar battery of two thirteen-inch, and four ten-inch was immediately begun, and carried on with unremitted exertions;—all our men volunteering every labour. Between the enemy's Forts Napoleon and Morelle, and us, was a middle ridge, which was on the back of the town, and held by the enemy. On the night of the 15th, a strong picquet of the enemy's was surprised by two companies of the Royal York Rangers, commanded by Captain Starke, and Lieutenant White. The French had one officer and seventeen men bayonetted, and twelve prisoners were brought away. This affair was highly creditable to the officers named. The night following we determined to occupy the middle ridge, and confine the enemy within his works. Major Alen was ordered with the two flank companies of the 3d West India, and a flank company of the 8th West India for this service,—he was supported by part of the Royal York Rangers under Major Henderson. The position was taken up without opposition, but about eight next morning the enemy advanced from Forts Napoleon and Morelle, to recover this ground. A sharp action took place, the whole of the York Rangers, and the rifle companies of the 60th, supporting our black troops. The ground lay open in great part to the grape shot from Forts Napoleon and Morelle, and to round shot from Islet de Cabrit; but all our troops were undaunted;—none were more brave than the flank companies of the 3d West India Regiment, and a flank company of the 8th West India under Major Alen. The enemy was driven back with loss, and our possession of the ground completely secured. On this occasion our loss was about thirty men killed and wounded.

I omitted to say that the two French frigates, both loaded with flour, took their chance of escaping on the forenoon of the 15th. They went through the windward passage, keeping a little from the wind to gain the shore of Guadaloupe. The leading frigate was engaged by his Majesty's ship Intrepid. This frigate however doubled the point of Vieux Fort, was followed by the other, and both escaped into Basse-Terre.

About the middle of the day, yesterday the 17th, the French commandant, Colonel Madier, sent a flag of truce to enter into terms. They expected what we would not concede, and they submitted to what we were willing to grant. They are prisoners of war.

I understand their number to be from seven to eight hundred! of this number six hundred were landed by the French squadron.

We are to take possession of the forts this evening at four o'clock. The French troops will be immediately embarked, and I shall proceed to carry the remainder of your orders into execution without loss of time. But I must not conclude my report without doing justice to the merits of those whom I have been so happy as to command.

The navy have most cordially supported us. Captain Beaver of his Majesty's ship Acasta, has increased that character which I know his conduct at Bay Robert, Martinique, in your presence, gained him. His arrangement and presence of mind render him particularly qualified for joint operations. Captain Carthew of the Gloire, and Captain Malcolm of the Narcissus, also merit the warmest acknowledgment: and I am also much obliged to the Honourable Captain Bertie of His Majesty's ship Dart, who acted on shore.

The royal artillery under Brigadier-General Stehelin, have continued their usual spirited manner. If the enemy had not capitulated yesterday, we should have opened a fine battery of six mortars; and I am certain from what happened at Martinique, our artillery would have given them enough of it in one night.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Rial, 15th regiment, I with pleasure acknowledge the assistance I have received from him. He tantalized me with an offer to take Fort Morelli by assault, with the 15th regiment, the morning of yesterday, during the action. Lieutenant-Colonel Prevost deserves equal good report. Major Henderson who commands the Reserve, is a true soldier; and Major Alen, 3d

West India regiment, gallantly led his black troops.

The Staff have all been active. Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, Deputy Adjutant-General, has been always forward; he is an officer who must rise from his merit.

The Honourable Captain de Courcy, of the Quarter-Master General's department, has shewn an activity and exertion which does him great credit, and proves him to be an Officer for service.

Lieutenant Hobbs, Royal Engineers, yields to no one in work, and is an admirable Officer for a service of this nature.

The Medical Department has been ably conducted by Doctor Burke.

I have been much assisted by Colonel Soler, the Royalist, a man inflexible in loyalty.

My Aide-de-Camp, Captain Taynton, 64th regiment, will have the honour to deliver this dispatch to you; he has been many years with me; I wish I could get him the promotion his merit deserves.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) F. MAITLAND, Maj. Gen.

His Excellency Lieut. Gen Beckwith, Com. of the Forces.

Articles of Capitulation proposed by Colonel Madier, member of the Legion of Honour, commandant of all the Saints, to Major-General Maitland, commanding the troops of his Britannic Majesty, and Captain Beaver of his Majesty's ship Acasta, senior naval officer.

Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, Deputy Adjutant General, and Captain Mercier, of the 60th Regiment, in the service of France, being appointed Commissioners, agreed upon the following terms:—

Article I. All the troops shall march out with all the honours of war.

II. They shall be prisoners of war, and conveyed to England.

III. The Officers shall equally be considered as prisoners of war upon their paroles of honour, to be transported to England and exchanged. They shall retain their swords.

Answer,—Art. I. II. and III. granted.

To be carried into execution between twelve and four o'clock.

Arms to be deposited outside the different forts, and the troops to embark immediately after.

IV. The troops shall retain their personal baggage.

Answer.—Granted.

V. The Officers shall also retain their private baggage.

Answer.—Granted.

VI. All the Officers regularly employed in the Administration, and Medical Officers, shall not be considered as prisoners of war; they shall be sent to Gaudaloupe, with their private baggage

Answer.—Granted.

VII. Private property shall be respected, and the inhabitants shall return to their houses.

Answer.—All inhabitants possessing property in the Saints who are not soldiers in the service of France, may return to their houses, and shall not be molested as long as they conform to the laws of the colony.

All private property shall be respected, and every individual treated with the usual liberality and good faith of the British nation.

VIII. Whatever is doubtful in these Articles of Capitulation, shall be construed in favour of the inhabitants.

Answer.—Granted.

Additional Article.—An Officer of Artillery and one Civil Officer shall be appointed from each side, who will meet at this spot to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, in order to take a list of all military stores and other public property. They shall be given precisely in the state they are at this moment.

Subscribed by us at the Saints, the 17th day of April, 1809.

(Signed) N. CAMPBELL, Lieut. Col. and Dep. Adj. Gen.
MERCIER, Capt. 60th Regiment.

(Signed) FRED. MAITLAND, Maj.-General.
P. BEAVER, Capt. H.M.S. Acasta, and senior officer at the Saints.

(Signed) M. MADIER, Colonel Commandant les Isles des Santes.

Return of killed, wounded, and missing, of the army under Major-General Maitland, at the Saints, from 14th to 17th of April, 1809.

Total—2 officers, 4 rank and file,

killed; 3 officers, 2 serjeants, 1 drummer, 62 rank and file wounded; 1 rank and file missing.

[Here follows a return of ordnance and stores found at the Saints, at Fort Napoleon.]

April 18th, 1809.

Downing Street, June 2.

A dispatch, of which the following is a copy, was this day received by Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, from Lieutenant-General the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Wellesley.

Monte Alegre, May 18, 1809.

My Lord,—When I determined upon the expedition to the north of Portugal, against Marshal Soult, I was in hopes that the Portuguese General Silveira, would be able to hold his post upon the Tamaga, till he should be reinforced; by which, and by the possession of Chaves, the enemy's retreat would have been cut off, excepting across the Minho; and I intended, if successful to press him so hard, that the passage of that river would have been impracticable.

The loss of the bridge of Amarante, however, on the 2d instant, altered our prospects: I had no hopes that General Beresford, who marched towards the upper part of the Douro on the 5th, and arrived at Lamego on the 10th, would be able to effect more than confine the enemy on that side, and oblige him to retire by Chaves into Galicia, rather than by Villa Real into Castile.

General Beresford, however, having obliged the enemy's posts at Villa Real, and Maisan Frein to fall back with some loss, and having crossed the Douro, drove in General Loison's out-posts at the bridge of Amarante; and again acquired possession of the left bank of the Tamaga on the 12th, the day on which the corps under my command forced the passage of the Douro at Oporto.

Loison retired from Amarante on the morning of the 13th, as soon as he had heard of the events at Oporto of the preceding day, and met the advanced guard of the French army at a short distance from the town, which General Beresford immediately occupied.

I was unable to commence the pursuit of the enemy till the morning of the 13th, when the Hanoverian Legion moved to Valonga, under Major-General Murray. On that evening, I was informed that the enemy had in the morning destroyed a great proportion of his cannon in the neighbourhood of Penafiel, and had directed his march towards Braga. This appeared to be the probable result of the situation in which he found himself, in consequence of General Beresford's operations upon the Tamaga; and as soon as I had ascertained that the fact was true, I marched on the morning of the 14th with the army in two columns towards the river Minho. At the same time I directed General Beresford upon Chaves, in case the enemy should turn to his right; and Major-General Murray to communicate with General Beresford, if he should find, as reported, that Loison remained in the neighbourhood of Amaranthe.

On the evening of the 14th, I was certain from the movements of the enemy's detachments in the neighbourhood of Braga, that he intended to direct his retreat upon Chaves or Monte Alegre; and directed General Beresford, in case of the latter movement, to push on for Monterey, so as to stop the enemy, if he should pass by Villa de Rey.—General Beresford had anticipated my orders to march his own corps upon Chaves, and had already sent General Silveira to occupy the Passes of Ruivaes and Melgassey near Salamonde, but he was unfortunately too late.

I arrived at Braga on the 15th, (General Murray being at Guimaraens, and the enemy about fifteen miles in our front) and at Salamonde on the 16th. We had there an affair with their rear-guard. The Guards, under Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke and Brigadier-General Campbell, attacked their position; and having turned their left flank by the heights, they abandoned it, leaving a gun and some prisoners behind them. This attack was necessarily made at a late hour in the evening.

On the 17th, we moved to Ruivaes (waiting to see whether the enemy would turn upon Chaves, or continue his retreat upon Monte Alegre); and on the 18th to this place. I here

found that he had taken a road through the Mountains towards Orense, by which it would be difficult, if not impossible, for me to overtake him, and on which I had no means of stopping him.

The enemy commenced this retreat, as I have informed your Lordship, by destroying a great proportion of his guns and ammunition. He afterwards destroyed the remainder of both, and a great proportion of his baggage, and kept nothing excepting what the soldiers and a few mules could carry. He has left behind him his sick and wounded; and the road from Penafiel to Monte Alegre is strewed with the carcases of horses and mules, and French soldiers, who were put to death by the peasantry before our advanced guard could save them. This last circumstance is the natural effect of the species of warfare which the enemy have carried on in this country. Their soldiers have plundered and murdered the peasantry at their pleasure; and I have seen many persons hanging in the trees by the sides of the road, executed for no reason that I could learn, excepting that they have not been friendly to the French invasion and usurpation of the Government of their country; and the route of their column on their retreat could be traced by the smoke of the villages to which they set fire.

We have taken about five hundred prisoners. Upon the whole the enemy has not lost less than a fourth of his army, and all his artillery and equipments, since we attacked him upon the Vouga.

I hope your lordship will believe that no measure which I could take was omitted to intercept the enemy's retreat. It is obvious, however, that if an army throws away all its cannon, equipments, and baggage, and every thing which can strengthen it, and can enable it to act together as a body, and abandons all those who are entitled to its protection, but add to its weight and impede its progress, it must be able to march by roads through which it cannot be followed with any prospect of being overtaken by an army which has not made the same sacrifices.

It is impossible to say too much of the exertions of the troops. The weather has been very bad. Since the 13th, the rain has been constant, and the roads in this difficult country almost impracticable. But they have persevered in the pursuit to the last, and have been generally on their march from day-light in the morning till dark. The brigade of Guards were at the head of the column, and set a laudable example; and in the affair with the enemy's rear guard on the evening of the 16th, they conducted themselves remarkably well.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

BULLETINS OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN SPAIN.

[Concluded from p. 470.]

Supplement to the Thirty-first Bulletin.

Notes of the Moniteur upon Lieut. General Hope's Letter to Sir David Baird, published in the London Gazette Extraordinary of January 24.*

Gazette.—"The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed, but, by the most determined bravery, not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire." &c.

Moniteur.—The whole of this is false. Sir John Moore was wounded as he was endeavouring to stop the flight of his troops: the French, at least in their serious attacks, were not repulsed at any one point.

Gazette.—"From this post, however, he was soon expelled, with considerable loss, by a gallant attack of some companies of the 2d battalion 14th regiment, under Lieut.-Colonel Nicholls."

Moniteur.—This Lieutenant-Col. Nicholls must have been a Rolando, if with *some companies* of the 14th regiment he had retaken a village which was the principal object of contest. This part of the account certainly did not come from Sir John Hope; it is, doubtless, the production of the same pen that has made Europe acquainted with the details of the famous battle of Konceval.

Gazette.—"Before five in the evening, we had not only successfully re-

See page 81.

pelled every attack made upon the position, but had gained ground in almost all points," &c.

Moniteur.—This is false, most false. The village was carried and maintained possession of by the French. The English were driven from all their positions; but the action having begun only at three o'clock, and it being dark at five, our sharpshooters, after repelling the enemy, and passing over several walls of the gardens that surround Corunna, were necessarily obliged to halt.

Gazette.—"The troops quitted their position about ten at night, with a degree of order that did them credit."

Moniteur.—You were attacked at three o'clock in the afternoon; you began your embarkation at ten at night, though your squadron had not then completed its water, though you had not emptied your magazines, (a fact proved by the taking of 16,000 muskets, left behind in the establishment of Payosa, your heavy artillery, 500 horses, your clothing, and powder magazines, &c.) and though your wounded remained on the field of battle, where they fell into our hands. We cannot conceive what worse you could have done had you been beaten; but well know what you would and could have done had you been victorious, and had your statement been true. You would have maintained possession of the positions that cover Corunna; you would have employed the 17th in burying your dead, carrying off from the field of battle the bodies of your Generals, Colonels, and inferior officers; collecting the stragglers, always numerous after an action continued until the approach of night; and in bringing in the wounded, who usually, after an engagement in the night-time, scramble into farm-houses and cottages, to wait for the return of day-light. You would have embarked in the night of the 17th, if your view of the general system led you to think yourselves too weak to resist the French troops. Such would have been the result of the most petty advantage; but you have done nothing of all this. You embarked the same evening, pell-mell, and in disorder. You did not take time to evacuate your magazines, to pay the last honours to your Generals, to carry off your wounded, to save your four pieces of cannon, or to protect the retreat of the 300 men who covered your rear, and who fell into our hands in the pursuit.

Gazette.—"The whole of the army were embarked with an expedition which has seldom been equalled."

Moniteur.—The expedition with which you embarked, is a very equivocal proof of the success you pretend to have had in the engagement.

Gazette.—"The enemy pushed his light troops towards the town, soon after eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and shortly after occupied the heights of St Lucia, which command the harbour."

Moniteur.—In reading this account, it is easy to perceive, that it is not the production of a military man, or else that it has been submitted to the revision of some of the clerks in Mr. Canning's office. In fact, you wish to make us believe, that you maintained your position, that is, remained masters of the field of battle, and yet you tell us "the enemy, &c." What! Sir John Hope! On the 16th you obtained so brilliant a success; and yet during the night you evacuate "the heights of St. Lucia, which *command the harbour*," upon which the French immediately erect batteries that "*command the harbour*," sink four of your transports, and thus give your fleet a signal to cut their cables and put to sea! Though an officer in the land service you have often embarked and disembarked troops. You must have some nautical knowledge, and you ought to have reflected, that on the 17th the wind might have changed (a very common occurrence); and had the wind changed, and your transports been forced to remain in the harbour under the fire of the French batteries, that had already sunk four of their number; would you not have exposed yourself to reproach for having evacuated "the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour?" In allowing that the French troops, at day-break, occupied the heights of St. Lucia, you clearly allow that you were then without retreat, and that, if not compelled to give way before a superior force, you must, of your own fault, wantonly or without reflection, have put to hazard the fate

of your army. You allege that you were victorious; the French say you were beaten. The nature of things can alone decide between you: but from the nature of things, it results, that you have done the contrary of what you would have done had you been victorious, and that you have acted, in every respect, as if you had been beaten; it follows, therefore, that you have been beaten. This consequence which you wish to dissemble, demonstratively results from all the details of your own narrative.

Gazette.—" Circumstances forbid us to hope, that the *victory with which it has pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army*," &c.

Moniteur.—This is the manner in which the English people are gulled. The same manœvre has been employed by the ministry upon all occasions, and it must be granted that it has frequently succeeded. Truth, however, will make its way; but the ministry will have gained time, the anxiety of the public will abate, and the administration, after having deceived them, will find some fresh means of diverting their attention. Heaven grant that the English may gain such a victory every month!

Gazette.—" The army which entered Spain, amidst the fairest prospects, had no sooner completed its junction, than, owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the native armies around us, it was left to its own resources.

Moniteur.—So, at last, you admit that the Spanish armies are dispersed, and no longer in existence, and that you found yourselves left to your own resources! Is it a fault of the Spaniards that you made them wait so long for useless succours? Never did you fit out so powerful an expedition. You ought to thank Providence, that at least a part of your army has been able to re-embark and effect its escape.

Gazette.—" The advance of the British corps from Duero afforded the best hope that the south of Spain might be relieved."

Moniteur.—These hopes were just as well founded as all those which the British Cabinet entertains at this moment.

Gazette.—" But this generous effort to save one unfortunate people, afforded the enemy the opportunity of directing every effort of his numerous troops, and concentrating all his principal resources for the destruction of the only regular force in the north of Spain."

Moniteur.—Why was there not any other regular force there at the time you advanced? It was because you did not advance until the regular force of Spain was destroyed.

Gazette.—" The native and undaunted valour of British troops was never more conspicuous."

Moniteur.—Our soldiers did not find any thing so very brilliant in the English soldiers' style of fighting; but they agree that the English officers conducted themselves with the courage which belongs to men of honour.

Gazette.—" The greater part of the fleet having gone to sea yesterday evening, the whole being under weigh, and the corps in the embarkation necessarily much mixed on board, it is impossible at present to lay before you a return of our casualties."

Moniteur.—How the truth forces its way in spite of every effort to conceal it! Mr. Canning's clerk forgot to obliterate this expression of General Hope's. What an oversight! *The troops in the embarkation were necessarily much mixed on board* the transports, because the embarkation was conducted in disorder and confusion. Terror made the soldiers rush with precipitation into the boats, every one losing sight of his colours, and thinking only of his own safety. What must have been the result? That which is fact was the result—' the troops in the embarkation were necessarily much mixed on board.'

On General Hope's estimate of killed and wounded, the *Moniteur* has the following note:—

" You had 2000 wounded; you left on the field of battle the dead bodies of 3 of your Generals, and 800 soldiers and officers. We counted them. We took three hundred of you prisoners; you did not take a single man of ours. We had not 200 men wounded, and our loss in killed did not amount to 100, among whom there was not a single officer of distinction."

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

WOBURN SHEEP SHEARING.—On Monday morning, June 12, a great number of gentlemen and agriculturists met his Grace the Duke of Bedford at the Park Farm, Woburn. The morning was remarkably fine, and the company employed themselves in viewing the South-Down tups, and the Devon and Hereford cattle, and in interesting conversation relating to agricultural improvements. Several agricultural implements were exhibited in the rick-yard; Mr. Pasmore, from Doncaster, had a chaff-cutter, and a small machine to grind and dress flour by hand; Mr. Braby, London, shewed a chaff-cutter, turn wrist plough, and a common swing plough. About three o'clock the Duke and his company went to Woburn Abbey, and sat down to a most excellent dinner, where his Grace presided.

On Tuesday morning, his Grace the Duke of Bedford, and those gentlemen who are members of the Smithfield club, of which his Grace is president, held a meeting at Woburn Abbey; they then joined the rest of the company, and examined the wethers and sheaves exhibited as candidates for the prizes offered by his Grace, for the best. About twelve o'clock the gentlemen set off to a farm of the Duke's, about a mile from the Abbey, to be present at the ploughing match, when seven ploughs started for the silver cup offered by his Grace, to the proprietors of the best plough, and two guineas to the holder. The judges appointed to decide the question were busily employed in collecting materials for their report, to be made on Wednesday. The ploughing continued till about half-past two o'clock, when the company went to the Park Farm, and after a short time spent in viewing the agricultural implements, several noblemen and gentlemen, in addition to those mentioned yesterday, returned to the Abbey to dine with his Grace.

The cloth being drawn, the usual toasts were given.

Sir J. Sinclair rose, and in a short speech recommended to the attention of gentlemen of landed property, the improvement of waste lands.

About five o'clock, the company returned to the Park Farm, and examined several machines which were working in the rick-yard. In addition to those we mentioned yesterday, Mr. Shepherd had brought a portable threshing machine, worked by two horses, the invention of Mr. Salmon, and improved by Mr. Shepherd. Mr. Plenty shewed a patent plough; Mr. Rowtree a patent churn, which attracted considerable notice; Mr. Snowden a patent chaff-cutting machine; an instrument to ascertain the draft of ploughs, by Mr. Braby; a model of a windmill, for draining fen land, by Mr. W. Beighton.

Three of his Grace's rams were let for the season, one to Mr. Foster, for 40 guineas, a three shear; another to Mr. Mann, at 35 guineas; and a four-year shear, at 40 guineas, to Mr. Letusher.

Some cattle were also sold in the evening, a Devon heifer, three-years old, to Mr. Smith, 22½ guineas; a Hereford heifer, to Mr. Platt, for 27½ guineas; a Devon heifer, three-years old, to Mr. Smith, at 24½ guineas; another Hereford, to Mr. Platt, at 26 guineas. About seven o'clock the company retired.

Wednesday June 14.—The inspection of the prize sheep dead was the first business this morning. The Duke of Bedford and the company then adjourned to the Park Farm, and employed the morning in viewing and examining the implements, tups exhibited for the prizes, the boars, and the sheep-shearers, each of whom had a sheep allotted to him, to shear for the prize. Parties rode to the Duke's several highly cultivated farms in hand, and the fine water meadows on Friestly and Maldon farms, which were universally admired. The hospitable tables at the Abbey received a still larger number of guests than on the preceding days: after which, the usual toasts having gone round, the Duke began to award the prizes, conformably to the decision of the judges.

To Mr. Bithony, for the best two shear long-woolled fat wether, a silver cup, value 10 guineas.

To Mr. Cowley, for the best two shear long-woolled fat wether, bred in Bedfordshire, a cup, value 5 guineas.

The first premium, for two shear short-woolled fat wethers, (a ten guinea cup) his Grace presented to Mr. Runciman; and to Mr. Trevor, for the best bred in Bedfordshire, a cup, value 5 guineas.

Mr. Platt obtained the premium offered for the best pen of three long-woolled theaves, a 10 guinea cup, and Mr. Benyon a 5 guinea cup, for the best bred in Bedfordshire.

For the best pen of three short-woolled theaves, bred in Bedfordshire, Mr. Trevor received a cup value 10 guineas; and Mr. Runciman, a 5 guinea cup for the second best pen.

Mr. Bliss having produced the best boar, not exceeding two years old, received a 5 guinea cup.

John Bolland obtained the first prize of 5 guineas, for shearing sheep in the best manner; Joseph Collins the second prize of 4 guineas; Job Arnold, the third prize of 3 guineas; Thomas Linnel, the fourth premium of 2 guineas; and 1 guinea to John Twannell, the fifth prize.

The sixth premium offered by his Grace was for the best and most useful newly invented implement of agriculture, 20 guineas; this Mr. C. Norton obtained for his method of constructing roofs of buildings of cast iron in lieu of timber.

His Grace also noticed the following implements, as having considerable merit:—

A cheap but effective chaff-cutter, by Mr. Braby; a machine for grinding or bruising various substances, by Mr. James Rawlins; a chaff-cutter, by Mr. Snowden; a churn, by Mr. Rowntree; a clover threshing machine, by Mr. Winwright; an augur, by an American gentleman; a model of a windmill for draining fen lands, by Mr. Beeton; and a man trap, which detains and secures an offender without any injury, invented by Mr. Salmon, Woburn.

The judges of the premium for ploughing half an acre of land, in the best manner, awarded the silver cup to his Grace himself; and to the ploughman, 2 guineas. The judges report also spoke in high terms of the construction of a plough belonging to H. Curwen, Esq. and of the work it performed; also a plough belonging to H. H. Hoare Esq. and another of Mr. Potts.

Messrs. Batchelor's obtained 30 guineas, for the best account of trials between the drill and broad cast husbandry.

The eighth premium was for the encouragement of good and careful shepherds.

To John Holland, the Duke of Bedford's shepherd, for having reared 807 lambs, from 614 ewes, 5 guineas.

To John Clark, shepherd to Samuel Whitbread, Esq. from 224 ewes, 289 lambs, 4 guineas.

To John Samuel, shepherd to Mr. Runciman, from 251 ewes, 282 lambs, three guineas.

To Mr. John Nottingham, Lord Ongley's shepherd, reared 550 lambs, from 500 ewes, 2 guineas.

To Mr. Platt's shepherd, John Bolland, 1 guinea, having reared 426 lambs from 424 ewes.

The last premium, for irrigation, his Grace regretted was not claimed.

After the prizes were delivered, his Grace, in descanting on the improving state of the agriculture of the island, adverted to the observations of Sir John Sinclair on the clean, and profitable system of farming pursued by Mr. Greg, in Hertfordshire, to which he had the gratification of adding his own testimony; and he had the further satisfaction of stating from that gentleman, that he would gladly receive any three practical farmers deputed from the county of Bedford, and explain to them minutely the course of husbandry he had so long pursued with success. The healths of the Duchess of Bedford and the Marchioness of Tavistock were proposed by Mr. Coke and Lord Bradford, and drank with the warmest applause. Mr. Curwen, and the Workington Agricultural Society, was given by the Duke, and drank with great applause: on which that gentleman, in a neat return of thanks, paid an elegant and well-merited tribute to the House of Bedford, from which, with so many great national benefits, had emanated all his agricultural endeavours for the public good. The health of the noble host being drank with three times three, the company rose, and proceeded to the farm-yard, when the letting of tups, and sale of sheep, and Devon and Hereford cattle, closed the interesting proceedings of Woburn Sheep Shearing for the year 1809.

KENT.

For the better accommodation of the troops stationed in Canterbury, an hospital is about to be erected, in a healthy situation at the back of the range of barracks, in the northern

quarter of the city. Its size is estimated to accommodate about five in every hundred of the troops usually stationed there, and every attention is to be paid in its construction, to render it conducive to health and comfort. Comprehended in its scite, will be an area of several acres of land, which is to be used in future as an exercise ground for the cavalry regiments, that may be stationed in the barracks. The ground has also been chosen near Fort Pitt, at Chatham, for a similar hospital, for the use of the troops at that place. These buildings will supersede the necessity of regimental hospitals at the above places, which are too often, from their nature and construction, rather the promoters than the preventatives of disease.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Fawley, Philip Lybbe Powys, Esq. brother to the very reverend the dean of Canterbury, and father-in-law to the Rev. E. Cooper, of Hamstal Ridware. Mr. Powys had been to the Quarter Sessions at Oxford, and was returning home, accompanied by Thomas Cooper, esq. When they got to the lane leading from Assendon to Fawley, Mr. Powys got out of the chaise to walk home, but as it was then getting dark, Mr. Cooper wished him to permit the chaise to go round, or else have some one to attend him home, but he refused both, saying he could find his way blindfolded. Some person with a lantern came by just afterwards, and shewed him by the spring at Assendon, which was then very high. Mr. P. said he did not want him any further: but as it was getting very dark the man much wished to see him home. This he refused, telling him also that he could find his way blindfolded. Next morning, however, his body was discovered in a neighbouring pond. It is thought he must have been overcome by fright, as the water scarcely covered him, and there appeared no bruises of consequence about him.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

MAY 24, to JUNE 21, 1809, inclusive.

[*Extracted from the London Gazette.*]—*The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

ABBOTT J. Prescott, grocer, (Avison, Liverpool). Adams J. Walsall, factor, (Turner and Co. Bloomsbury-square.) Abbott W Prescott, watch-movement maker, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-street) Allen E. and Hancock I. Bristol, navy contractors, (Price and Co. Lincoln's-Inn.)

Benton W. Stoneywell, Longdon, Staffordshire, miller, (Lambert, Hatton-garden). Barclay W. Manchester-buildings, dealer and chapman, (Rogers and Son, Manchester-buildings.) Buddle W. Chenies-street, carpenter, (Godmond, New Bridge-street). Bailey J. Chancery-lane, stationer, (Pearce and Son, St. Swithin's-lane). Barns J. Kendal, Westmorland, dealer and chapman, (Farrier and Co. Bread-street-hill). Bleckly G. Reading, ironmonger, (Hunt, Surry-street). Bennet B. Hallsham, brewer, (Barber, Chancery-lane). Busher R. Hungerford-street, victualler, (Cross, King-street). Bryan M. George-street, picture-dealer, (Holmes and Co. Clement's-Inn.) W Beaton, Taunton, currier, (Blake and Son) Cook's-court. Bolton J. John-street, Adelphi, merchant, (Halham, Great Piazza, Covent-garden.)

Clapham W. Bishop's-gate-street, wine-merchant, (Teasdale and Browne, Merchant-Tailor's-hall). Cadman C. Islington, (Edmonds, Symonds-Inn) Cooke I. Gravesend, carpenter, (Debary and Co. Tanfield-court. Carr G. Ripon, York, iron-founder, (Exley and Co. Furnival's Inn). Cowper R. Cateaton-street, warehouseman, (Wilde, Warwick-square.) Churchett G. Plymouth, baker, (Elworthy, Plymouth). Chayman J. Holborn, flour-factor, (Pullen, Fore-street.) Clarkson G. Bristol, cabinet-maker, (James, Gray's-inn square.

Dickie T Cornhill, bookseller, (Burkett, Bond-court). Davies E. Great-Warner-street, linen-draper, (Sweet, King's Bench Walks. Dean R. Kew-bridge, tavern-keeper, (Jullion and Co. Crown-Office-row, Temple). Dewhurst G. J Halifax, grocer, (Hodgson, Surrey-street).

Ellam W. Windle, Lancaster, tanner, (Lee and Co. New Bridge-street.)

Foreman T. Chatham, grocer, (Flexney, Chancery-lane.) Freemantle J. Brandon J. and Desormeaux J. King-street, Goswell-street, iron-founders, (Dixon and Co. Paternoster-row.)

Green E. Stepney, carpenter, (Cowper and Co. Southampton-buildings.) Gibson

T. High-street, iron-monger, (Sudlow, Monument-yard). Giorgi B. Wilson-street, (Loxley, Cheapside.) Giles D. jun. Cornbrook, Manchester, brewer, (J. and R. Willis. Warnford-court.)

Hughes H. Worcester, hatter, (Platt, Tanfield-court, Temple.) Howse J. Wantage, currier, (Price and Co. Lincoln's-inn). Houghton G. merchant, (Warrant, Castle-court. Hillier J. Leicester-square, carver and gilder, (Mills, New North-street). Hodgson T. Blackman-street, (Maddock and Co. Lincoln's-Inn. Huntemann J. Queen-street, tailor, (Platt, Tanfield-court). Hunt. C. A. Welbeck-street, apothecary, (Fielder, Duke-street).

Johnson J. Bolton, Lancaster, shop-keeper, (Meddowcroft, Gray's-inn.) Johnson J. Great Baddow, Essex, carpenter, (Aubrey, Took's-court). Jackson E. Horsley-down, brewer, (Cuppage, Jermyn-street) Jackson J. New-road, Well-close-square, money-scrivener, (Jones and Co. Covent-garden).

Kent W. Upper Russel-street, tanner, (Oldham, St. Swithen's-lane). Kimpson J. Old Bethlem, paper-hanger, (Smith, Furnival's-Inn).

Lawrence R. Prospect-row, dock-head, corn-dealer, (Robinson, Prospect-row).

Mansell J. Manchester, commission-broker, (Milne and Co. Temple). Mackinnan, Gracechurch-street, haberdasher, (Nind, Throgmorton-street). Munns H.W. Knightsbridge, paper-stainer, (Mitton and Co. Knight-rider-street. Mosely H. Lawrence-Pountney-hill, and Wheildon, Copthall-court, merchants, (Gregson and Co. Copthall-court). Michel W. Falmouth, vintner, (Highmoor, Bush-lane.) Markham E. Honey-lane market, butcher, (Stratton, Shoreditch). Minns R. jun. Norwich, coal-merchant, (Windus and Co Chancery-lane.)

Nicholls T. Birmingham, dealer and chapman, (Egerton, Gray's-Inn). Newman H. Skinner-street, currier, (Lee, Chancery-lane). Nordish J. Meopham, Kent, butcher, (Jones, Martin's-lane.)

Oxen R. Scaffold-hill-mill, Northumberland, miller, (Atkinson, Chancery-lane.)

Plaskett H. G. Huggin-lane, victualler, (Temple, Burr-street). Pitt T. Strand, hosier, (Freame, Great Queen-street.) J. R. Penrose, Hornchurch, surgeon, (Jones, Martin's-lane). Pearson J. Holyhead, stationer, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry). Parke W. Liverpool, spirit dealer, (Hulme, Russel-square).

Rowell W. Moulton Marsh, jobber, (Wilson, Greville-street). Rimmer J. Bury-court, merchant, (Battye, Chancery lane).

Sievewright J. High Hesket, Cumberland, cattle-dealer, (Birkett, Bond-court). Sisson J. Lombard-street, banker, (Oakley, Martin's-lane). Scott J. Strand, bookseller, (Barber, Chancery-lane.)

Tinson T. Salter's-hall-court, wine-merchant, (Allison, Freeman's-court). Tomlinson J. Barlaston, Stafford, boat-builder, (J. and R Willis, Warnford-court.) Turner J. Rochford, carrier, (Bennet, Philpot-lane). Townsend J. Liverpool, merchant, (Windle, John-street).

Weedon J. Albion-place, hosier, (Rogers, Copthall-court). Wilkie J. Howard-street, Strand, navy agent, (Ledwich, Baldwin's-court). Wheatley J. Mark-lane, corn factor, (Alliston, Freeman's court). White C. Oxford-street, dealer and chapman, (Bousfield, Bouverie-street)

Young J. Queen street, merchant, Dathie, Brick-court, Temple.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication of "Mr. Harris" is under consideration. We thank him for his suggestions, and shall be happy to receive his favours, which will meet with every attention their merits may demand.

"Philo" shall appear next month.

"C. S." has been received.

We are sorry to decline the contribution of "Josephus."

"V. P." is inadmissible.

The strictures upon *Cælebs* should be sent to the *Guardian of Education*.

The *review* by "R. Allchin" is not so profound but we can see through it.

Several poetical contributions are under consideration.

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER-WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

June 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 122*l.* per cent.
West-India ditto, 180*l.* ditto.
East-India ditto, 130*l.* ditto.
Commercial ditto, 134*l.* ditto.
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 181*l.* per share.
Grand Surrey ditto, 80*l.* ditto.
Kennett and Avon ditto, 24*l.* ditto.

L. Wolfe and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THOUGH the long continuance of dry weather at this time of the year is generally reckoned an unfavourable circumstance, hitherto the crops in general have a tolerably healthful appearance, and promise well, excepting those upon cold, wet, poor lands; however on such, gentle showers and warm weather may yet have a considerable effect. The blooming in general has proceeded pretty favourably.

The Spring crops are as healthy as they possibly can be, considering the late dry weather. Beans and potatoes promise well. Meadow grass will very soon be ready to cut, and the hay harvest there is no doubt will be most plentiful. It is pretty well in all round the metropolis. In the mean while, oats and beans have come to hand freely from the continent. Barley and malt, being rather wanted, remain dear. The stock of bread corn on hand in the country is generally agreed to be large, probably larger than at this time last year: the stock of hay also is large. Store sheep and lean stock of all kinds have met with a ready sale, at advanced prices.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 5s. 0d. to 6s. 0d.;—Mutton, 4s. 4d. to 6s. 0d.;—Lamb, 0s. 0d to 0s. 0d.;—Veal, 5s. 0d. to 6s.;—Pork, 5s. 4d. to 6s.

Middlesex, June 21.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended June 17, 1809.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	89	6	48	7	42	4	34	8
Surrey	90	4	46	0	43	6	37	8
Hertford	81	10	49	0	44	6	33	4
Bedford	86	3	60	8	44	10	37	3
Huntin.	83	3	———		42	6	32	0
Northa.	84	8	54	0	44	6	32	4
Rutland	91	0	———		47	9	36	0
Leicest	89	8	49	11	48	2	31	10
Notting.	94	6	68	3	46	0	33	4
Derby	96	9	———		———		36	8
Stafford	94	11	———		50	9	34	2
Salop	94	1	69	0	48	11	34	5
Herefor.	82	2	48	0	42	0	34	2
Wor'st.	88	6	———		48	10	42	0
Warwic	92	5	———		57	7	40	6
Wilts	82	10	———		41	6	37	6
Berks	92	6	———		41	9	38	0
Oxford	89	5	———		42	2	37	10
Bucks	91	3	———		43	0	37	5
Brecon	91	1	64	0	47	2	25	8
Montgo.	95	2	———		———		33	4
Radnor.	90	3	———		42	7	31	2

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	84	8	50	6	42	4	35	0
Kent	81	6	58	0	38	6	35	0
Sussex	77	0	———		40	0	33	6
Suffolk	79	4	———		37	0	23	8
Cambridge	80	4	———		38	0	25	8
Norfolk	83	1	58	0	35	10	32	4
Lincoln	84	2	53	6	45	11	26	9
York	81	7	———		34	10	27	10
Durham	94	9	———		———		33	9
Northumberland	86	7	70	0	45	4	31	0
Cumberland	99	7	64	8	46	3	30	6
Westmorland	112	5	80	0	51	2	31	7
Lancaster	101	0	———		47	8	29	11
Chester	89	9	———		50	8	34	0
Flint	88	10	———		50	4	———	
Denbigh	97	6	———		44	9	28	9
Anglesea	———		———		42	0	20	6
Carnarvon	95	4	———		45	0	28	4
Merioneth	93	0	———		46	6	29	0
Cardigan	89	0	———		40	0	20	0
Pembroke	69	2	———		41	8	16	0
Carmarthen	87	10	———		53	5	20	0
Glamorgan	91	7	———		52	0	28	0
Gloucester	90	4	———		46	10	39	5
Somerset	86	4	———		42	0	26	0
Monmouth	85	9	———		43	8	———	
Devon	86	1	———		39	10	32	0
Cornwall	91	1	———		41	3	26	6
Dorset	80	11	———		37	0	———	
Hants	81	2	———		43	9	33	6

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 88s. 8d.; Rye 58s 4d.; Barley 44s. 4d.; Oats 31s 8d.; Beans 59s. 6d.; Pease 58s. 0d.; Oatmeal 51s. 5d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from MAY 22, to JUNE 20, 1809.

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
Males	746	1468	Males,	551	1086
Females	722		Females	535	
Whereof have died under two years old					312

Between					
2 and 5	-	120	60 and 70	-	79
5 and 10	-	43	70 and 80	-	66
10 and 20	-	47	80 and 90	-	23
20 and 30	-	85	90 and 100	-	4
30 and 40	-	121			
40 and 50	-	107			
50 and 60	-	90			

Peck Loaf, 4s. 6d. 4s. 5d. 4s 5d. 4s. 6d.
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

PRICE OF STOCKS, from MAY 26, 1809, to JUNE 24, 1809, both inclusive.

Days 1808	Bank Stock.	3 p. Cent Consols.	3p Cent Reduc.	4p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	N. 5 p.Ct.	Long Anns.	Om-nium.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p.C	Irish Ann.	S. Sea Stock.	S Sea Anns.	India Sto.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets	Cons. for Acct.
May																			
26	247	68 ¼	67⅛	83	99⅛		18⅛								187	18s.pm	14s.pm		8⅛ ⅜
27		68 ⅛	67⅛	83	99¼			½ pm.			95½					20s.pm	14s.pm		8¼
29	holiday																		
30	249	68 ¼	67⅛	83	99⅞		18 7-16ths	½ pm.	66		95½				188	20s.pm	13s.pm		68⅛
31	249½	68 ¼	67⅛	83	99⅞		18 7-16ths	½ pm	66⅛	7¼					189½	19s.pm	13s pm		68¼ ⅜
Jun.																			
1		68⅛ ⅜	67⅛	83⅛	99⅞		18 7-16ths	½ pm.		7¼					190	17s.pm	13s.pm		68⅞ 69
2	251¼	68⅛ ⅜	67⅛	83⅛	Par		18 7-16ths	½ pm.	66¼		96				Shut	17s pm	13s.pm		69 ⅛
3		68⅛ ⅜	67⅛	83⅛	99⅞		18⅛								Do	18s.pm	13s.pm		69 ⅛
5	holiday														Do				
6	253	68⅛ ⅛	67⅛	83⅛	99⅞		18⅛	½ pm.							Do.	18s.pm	12s.pm		68⅞ 69
7	254⅓	Shut	67⅛	83⅛	99¼		18⅛	½ pm.	66¼		96¼				Do.	18s.pm	12s.pm		68⅛ 69
8		Do.	67⅞	83⅛	Shut		18⅛	½ pm.							Do.	18s.pm	12s pm		69 ⅛
9	256⅓	Do.	67⅞	83⅛	Do.		18⅛	½ pm.							Do.	21s pm	11s.pm		69⅛ ⅛
10	258	Do.	68	83⅛	Do.		18 9-16ths	½ pm.							Do.	20s.pm	11s.pm		69 ⅛
12		Do.	68	83⅜	Do.		18 9-16ths	½ pm.							Do.	19s.pm	11s.pm		69 ⅛
13	257⅓	Do.	68	83⅛	Do.		18 9-16ths	½ pm.							Do.	19s.pm	12s.pm		69⅛ ⅛
14	258⅓	Do.	68	83⅛	Do.		18 9-16ths	½ pm.	66⅛		96⅛		74⅓		Do	19s.pm	11s.pm		69 69⅞
15	260	Do.	68⅛	83⅛	Do.		18 9-16ths	½ pm.		7¼					Do.	18s.pm	11s.pm		69⅛ ⅛
16		Do.	68⅛	83⅛	Do.		18⅛	½ pm.	66⅛						Do.	18s.pm	11s.pm		69⅛ ⅛
17	259⅓	Do.	68⅛	83⅛	Do.		18⅛	½ pm.	66⅛						Do.	18s.pm	11s.pm		
19		Do.	68⅛	83⅛	Do.			½ pm.							Do.		11s.pm		69⅛ ⅛
20	261	Do.	68⅛	83⅜	Do.		18⅛	½ pm.		7 5 16ths					Do.	16s pm	8s.pm		69⅛ ⅛
21	260⅓	Do.	68⅛	83⅜	Do.		18 11-16ths	½ pm.		7 5 16ths					Do.	16s.pm	9s.pm	21 11	69 ⅛
22	259	Do.	68⅛	83⅛	Do.		18 11-16ths	1 pm.							Do.	17s pm	9s.pm	21 11	69⅛ ⅛
23	259⅓	Do	68⅛	83⅜	Do.		18⅛	½ pm.	66⅛						Do.	17s.pm	11s pm	21 11	69⅛ ⅛
24	holiday														Do.				

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